VOL. CCXIX, No. 2851
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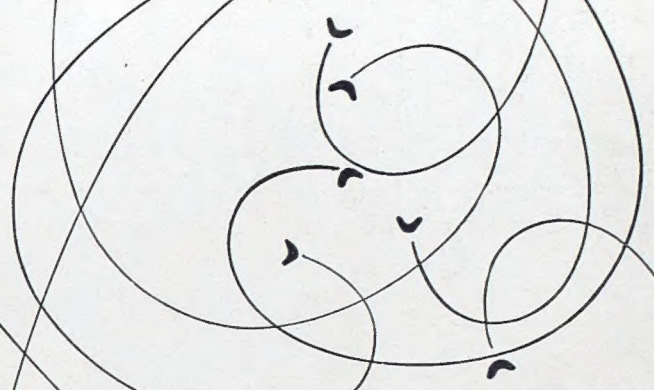

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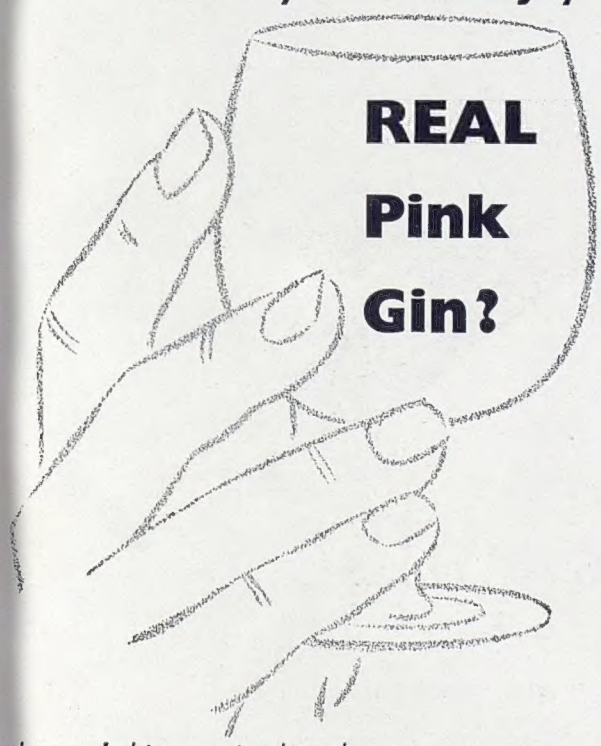

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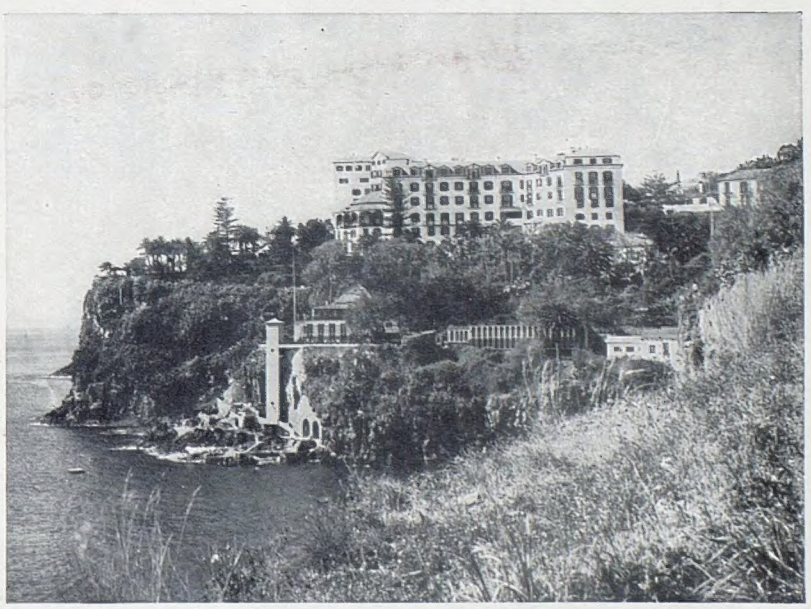

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S.82

ISSUED BY THE BRITISH IRON AND STEEL FEDERATION

Volume CCXIX No. 2851 The SPHERE, London, October 2, 1954

The SPHERE
with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

AN OUTSTANDING DISCOVERY AT LONDON'S ROMAN TEMPLE—THE MARBLE HEAD PORTRAYING A ROMAN YOUTH WHICH WAS DISCOVERED ON THE NEW BUILDING SITE AT WALBROOK LAST WEEK-END : It is 11 ins. high and is in a good state of preservation ; it is free from oxidised stain of decayed organic matter found on the face of the marble statue of Mithras. The discovery was made during the final excavations at the temple, when the future of the ruins was still undecided.

Last Sunday evening, as the last public visitors were inspecting the site of the recently discovered Roman temple at Walbrook, a second marble head was uncovered by one of the archæologists working amid the ruins. The figure is of a young man, probably aged about nineteen, and is well preserved. It was buried near the base of a column about a foot from the spot where other archæologists had found the marble head of the god Mithras, to whom the temple was dedicated. A further description and another picture of the head appear on the next page. At the time of going to press the future of the temple was uncertain, but there were hopes of it being incorporated in the new building being erected on the site. The Minister of Works had arranged a meeting with the owners of the site in order to reach an agreement.

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The SPHERE with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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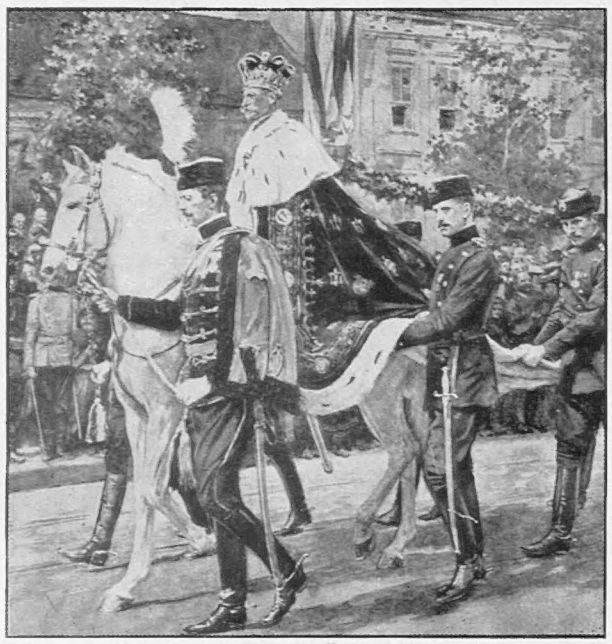
FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO



THE CORONATION OF KING PETER KARAGEORGEVITCH OF SERVIA : The newly-crowned monarch is seen proceeding on horseback to the Palace at Belgrade after the service in the cathedral. Great fears were entertained that trouble might ensue owing to the peculiar conditions under which King Peter ascended the throne, but the day passed off without any undue mishap. No representative of Great Britain attended the ceremony.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least* 8 *ins. by* 6 *ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from* 750 *words to* 2,000 *words.*

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

The "FLYING BEDSTEAD"

An Artist's Impressions of the Vertical Take-off Test Rig and Its Possible Use, Civil and Military.

A Series of Drawings Specially Made for "The Sphere" by CAVENDISH MORTON

A London Newslette

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Migration Within the Commonwealth.—The report of the Migration Committee is worth studying. In this old island we seem to be teeming. There are 50,000,000 of us to feed and our own resources can feed but a bare 30,000,000. The queues on our roads and in our pleasure resorts and streets suggest that 10,000,000 of us "would not be missed." On the other hand, for the moment, we enjoy full employment and there are fine jobs which can't be filled. And therein lies the trouble about migration. Of our 50,000,000, or whatever be the percentage of adult workers, a large proportion of them are *personæ non gratæ* to the Commonwealth-nations overseas (who need only the best to develop their vast resources) and are quite unfit to fill the good and empty billets temporarily available here. To settle one new immigrant into Australia costs her first and last about £2,000, and she is unwilling to expend that sum on any but the best. Hundreds of thousands have emigrated from this country since the war, and have emigrated with assistance from the British Government, but, by and large, taking successes with failures, our contribution to Australia's outlay per head works out as mere chicken feed. One final conclusion caused my surprise. It doesn't pay us—it pays Australia better—to send out to Australia a very large number of acceptable workers. After all, we spend money on rearing and educating them; Australia gets the finished product tax-free! The Council concludes that we positively can't spare them in numbers until our own people breed larger families: 50,000,000, of whom 20,000,000 can't be fed at home and a proportion are not fit for responsible jobs! It seems a hard saying, when you are at the back of the bus queue in the rush hours or crawling home at a week-end from Blackpool or Brighton.

"Bringing Their Sheaves with Them."—Foreign service broadens the mind; it also dilutes the blood of our race. Take the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders now on their way home to Scotland and soon to go out to Germany. The battalion is 730 strong, and no fewer than 100 of them, half Regulars, half National Servicemen, return home with wives from Georgetown and British Guiana. How will these girls react to conditions in Scottish cities and in the Outer Isles, in Germany and in England? This is a much-married battalion, and I believe *not one* of the men has chosen a wife from Scotland, England or Wales. There will be 100 Guianese, a large number of Portuguese, a few Chinese, two Indians and a number more of various shades of colour. Well may the C.O. describe this wave of marriage as a social upheaval; well may parents shake their heads and be anxious; well may sociologists ask themselves: What is wrong with our British girls? This is indeed in miniature a racial problem, and the issue I find as hard to forecast as the issue of Mr. Eden's latest Nine-Power Conference on which I prefer to comment after it is over. I see both of them, the large and the miniature, through a glass, darkly.

Malthus is Willing.—Although we in Britain can't afford to lose any more workers by emigration until we are willing to breed bigger families (*pace* the Migration Committee I quote above), His Holiness has taken very serious note of the appalling swift increase in world population, with its dreadful implications of starvation, and he has urged all his flock actively to study this urgent problem and its solution; but any solution must remain faithful to Catholic doctrine, and that doctrine outlaws any form of birth-control. What is left for the faithful? For them there is no remedy but to do without, and that, if a hard way, is a way that needs no meticulous exploration. For heretics they may puzzle their brains to find and propound remedies for over-population, but for themselves the only remedy is to be found in the will of each one of them. But it is not quite clear to me whether it be sin to suggest to another an expedient unlawful to oneself. It is rather like encouraging another to pinch a loaf of bread with the intention of sharing that loaf. But I doubt if I understand what the Pope's directive really means and how he intended it to be applied. He does not pronounce lightly on current tendencies, and his words of wisdom and common sense are not to be criticised from a brief Press report.

The Proof of the Pudding.—We are often flattered by our native pundits—when praise and flattery are the ticket at public banquets. They tell us we are a superior race of men and that modern education is already greatly improving our brains, our taste, our culture. We gobble it down and spare a little sympathy for the heathen Chinee and all the lesser breeds within and outside the law, who live in hovels, with tightened belts, and know too little even to envy Western culture and amenity and its supreme technical inventions which make work a pleasant hobby and recreation a long day-dream. [But Mr. Schwartz has been dealing shrewdly with the heathen Chinee (poor wretch) and this happy supbreed of Britons.] The flattery sticks and our natipride and vanity in our cleverness remain high strong. Yet sometimes I begin to doubt it all, small evidences creep into our Press (that mirror of culture) that our officials are not always so clever imaginative as a great nation would expect the be, and that we ourselves are sometimes apt to ne the more serious side of our civilisation and to about in the gutter or midden for our recreati I will cite only one small piece of evidence on count. I forget how many owners of TV sets Eng claims; the aerials on cottage roofs suggest astron figures. But, anyway, the P.M.G. recently annou that 170,000 of them cheat the Revenue and you and me pay for their fun. The problem detection of offenders baffles the P.M.G. and Gov ment; yet I should think a "heathen Chinee" evolve a simple, effective remedy: to forbid purchase of a set without production of licence, to on licences being renewed always by the authori office which issued it, where the registered hol name and address would be filed for annual remi and investigation. And the neglect of our cult Take the sad demise of dear, old *John o' Lo*

ANOTHER MARBLE HEAD DISCOVERED

A NEW FIND AT THE ROMAN TEMPLE AT WALBROOK, LON
This second marble head, of a young man with finely-chi classical features, was discovered last week-end by Audrey Williams, assistant to Mr. W. F. Grimes. It was about a foot from the spot where the marble head of Mithr uncovered. The newly-discovered head is 11 ins. high undamaged; a series of holes on top of the head may have used to secure a wreath or diadem. The hair is in curls the top of the neck and over the brow; the ears and no delicately wrought. It is not believed to have portrayed a go suggestion is that it represented an attendant on the temple myst The model for the head could not have been more than nin

recently announced. It was mildly uplifting, als decent, it afforded to the average reader instruc without tears, a fair criticism of new books, a into the interesting and corrective past; a ge kindly, inspired governess of ordinary people might wish to improve their minds. But how m did so wish? Not enough of our 50,000,000 to su advertisements to cover overheads. So poor died, while a thousand flamboyant and nasty pub tions dealing with sex and scandal, crime and gamb from strips to Sunday sewers, flourish exceedin Perhaps the lesser breeds have something on us after

Raking Up the Ashes.—Captain Hu and his men are already "shipping it green" or bathing aboard ship *en route* for Australia. They the Ashes with them for once in a way, because Australians want to have another look at th Besides bats and pads, and so on, they are taking some clever devices for drying the wicket as a re of bitter experiments in England last summer. like the Cavalry in World War I, the camp follow outnumber the fighting men; what with batmen horse-holders, masseurs, journalists, scorers, umpi statisticians, and what not, it 's quite a party. game, which is very serious for the players, is to our winter recreation, and we take our recreation seriously as they take their business. The Ashes course, are old. They are what remains of coal m in 1882—real ashes, not slate and slag—and they still warm. It 's about a quarter century since

hese ashes travelled out in our cricket bag. We xpect to bring them back. We even hope that the en will prove less mighty than our bats and balls, ut be sure the penmen will score more runs and take nore wickets than any team we field in any match. nd they will hit harder and bowl more fearful body- ne than the men in white flannels. For the camp ollowers are quite as important as the soldiers, and heir job is to keep us warm and on tiptoe in the rosts and smog of the winter ahead of us here. It 's a reat game, and may the best men win (if Hutton's hen are the best), and may any squabbles and npleasantness take place off the field if any such cidents are necessary for our enjoyment of the ests. Good luck !

Harvest Alarmists.—We all realise the ifficulties of this year's harvest north and south, ut the sensational reports of disaster reveal, in cotland at least, a total ignorance of conditions n the north. Every year the Highland harvest is nterrupted by heavy rain and gales, but the notion, kied in banner headlines, that the torrential rain and ales of a couple of recent days in the north would put back harvesting for a month " was absurdly xaggerated. A brisk wind with sunshine dries the ooks quickly and the men are at work loading within wo days of a cloud-burst. The weather is always ith us, and northern farmers would all be bankrupt every depression kept them idle for weeks on end. t doesn't, and they aren't bankrupt. On the contrary, envy them their luxury cars. And as I drove south, he signs of harvest home grew more frequent, specially as I avoided the black spots on the East oast, until on reaching home I found the business ractically over and a reasonably cheerful Harvest estival announced for many of our village churches. erhaps some of the exhibits which we shall stumble ver in the aisles will not be so monster as usual, but he pulpits will be wreathed in golden ears, the lectern vill bulge with fine root-crops, and we shall heartily ing " All be safely gathered in," whether or no the winter storms " are yet to come or a thing of the past. Who would be a farmer's boy, if he surrendered to a vet summer and a dismal autumn, and could not gain n the roundabouts what he loses on the swings ?

The Inverness Meeting.—The sweets of civilised society which most appeal to me are indliness and good manners, a mingling of youth and ge on terms of equality, and all those simple virtues which are the antithesis of snobbery and cliquism. ntellectual conversation is pleasant in its place, but can do with a small ration of it on holiday. And n my last note on the Highlands for this year, I hand ut a bouquet to the Highlanders who arrange and adorn the Northern Meeting. The capital of the Highlands showed herself the capital of civilisation. To watch the kilted reels from the gallery of the Assembly Rooms, which are airy and large, is for me a too lately discovered pleasure, far greater than most professional ballets. Every dancer knows his stuff and the floor rocks in unison with the music of the band and the wild whoops of the dancers, and all the tartans (of which we hear so much from America and Surbiton) make as magnificent and intoxicating a decor as one could wish to see. For me, perhaps, the highlight of the evening was the interval extra—" The Duke of Perth "—played by an amateur band while the excellent professional band sought rest and refreshment from their labours. This number by the now famous Kyle Liadlay amateurs must hold the record for its length and unflagging zest. The tune and spirit of these admirably drilled and efficient amateurs produced dancing of the highest order and made the gunpowder run out of the heels of the dancers' shoes, so that at long last even Princess Margaret was compelled to cry mercy, and " The Duke of Perth " made his vigorous exit, a conqueror on the stricken field, amid tumultuous, if breathless, applause.

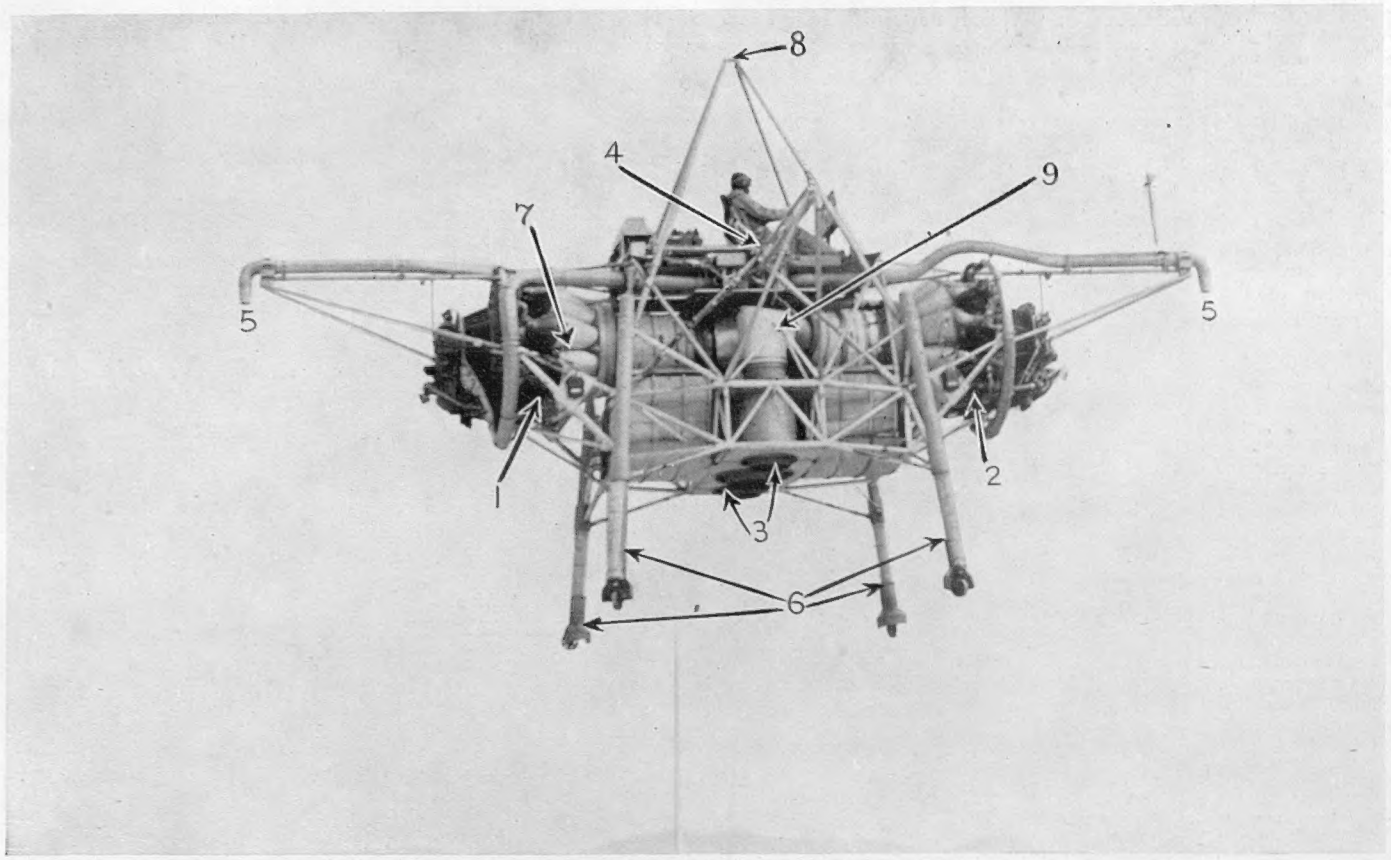
" Wuthering Heights."—How well Mr. Maugham has " discharged his task " of appreciating for us *Wuthering Heights*. The book, *par excellence*, which divides homes, and ranks intellectuals among the sheep or goats, the elect or the damned. But how little that is new did he find to say, though all he said was beautifully and convincingly marshalled. There is no novel with which this first and last novel of Emily Brontë's can be compared. Like all first novels, it is in essence autobiographical. Where else could she turn, since even vivid imagination cannot create bricks without straw ? But *emotional* auto-biography only, fierce, passionate ; repression bursting its bonds. The book is clumsily constructed and awkwardly narrated, and the language, unsuited to the narrator, is, at its worst, shocking provincial journalese and at its best no model of prose. But prose it is not, prose-poetry it may be. Mr. Maugham gives us something new when he dismisses the possibility of any comparison with any other printed book, and offers us a comparison only with an El Greco landscape with figures, lurid, terrible and unhappy. Now all those faults of style, composition, narration, even absurdity, are really axiomatic. The most fervid admirer does not deny them. The faults merely enhance the greatness of the achievement. You must be spellbound in admiration, or you are merely earthy and gross. It may be so. I acknowledge the force of the gusts, the surge and thunder which roll and roar despite the stilted language worthy of the *Eatanswill Gazette*. With all its faults and handicaps, it is an ever-erupting volcano thrown up by a volcano of first magnitude. But I do not tell every young person I meet that he or she must read *Wuthering Heights*, and once read, will fall under its magic. For that would be waste of time and wishful thinking. THE OLD STAGER

GREAT CROWDS FLOCK TO THE SITE OF LONDON'S ROMAN TEMPLE

WORK ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF A BIG BLOCK OF OFFICES AT WALBROOK IS HALTED WHILE THOUSANDS OF LONDONERS VISIT THE REMAINS OF THE RECENTLY-DISCOVERED ROMAN TEMPLE : A view of the site showing some of the visitors inspecting the temple ruins last week. Police controlled the great gathering, and the public were urged to " keep moving " during their inspection. The discovery of the Roman temple soon became one of the most-discussed topics in London, and it was with interest that the public learned of the halt in the building operations while the temple was shown to visitors and while archæologists continued their search and made a record of the layout. Further pictures of the temple and of the statue of Mithras appear on pages 26-27.

A ROYAL INSPECTION OF THE BLACK WATCH IN FIFESHIRE

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER INSPECTS THE 2ND BATTALION OF THE REGIMENT PRIOR TO THEIR DEPARTURE FOR A TWO-YEAR TOUR OF DUTY IN BRITISH GUIANA : Her Majesty, as Colonel-in-Chief, accompanied by senior officers, is seen passing through the ranks drawn up on the parade-ground of H.M.S. *Bruce*, a shore establishment at Crail. *Inset on right*—Chatting with wives of the men on parade ; with the Queen Mother is the Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Colonel B. C. Bradford. After the inspection the battalion marched past in column, formed a square, and then advanced in review order to be addressed by the Queen Mother. She told the men that she knew that the great name of the regiment would be safe in their hands. Her Majesty had interrupted her holiday on Deeside to make the inspection ; later she travelled to London to make arrangements for her tour of North America.



THE ROLLS-ROYCE "FLYING BEDSTEAD"—SOME OF THE MAIN FEATURES OF THIS UNCONVENTIONAL AIRCRAFT : (1 and 2) The Rolls-Royce Nene engines which power the aircraft. The Nene is a centrifugal flow turbo-jet engine which develops a maximum thrust of 5,100 lbs., thus the "Flying Bedstead" has a total thrust of 10,200 lbs., to lift a weight of approximately 7,850 lbs. (3) The main exhaust outlets. There appear to be three of these arranged in a line across the aircraft. (4) The pilot's seat. This is of the bucket type and is not enclosed in any way. (5) The balancing jets. These utilise compressed air bled directly from the engines. (6) The under-carriage. This is of the simplest type. (7) The combustion chambers of the engines. (8) A tripod which is used to hoist the "Flying Bedstead" by crane. (9) One of the jet tubes through which the jet thrust is bent through 90 degs.

THE FLYING BEDSTEAD

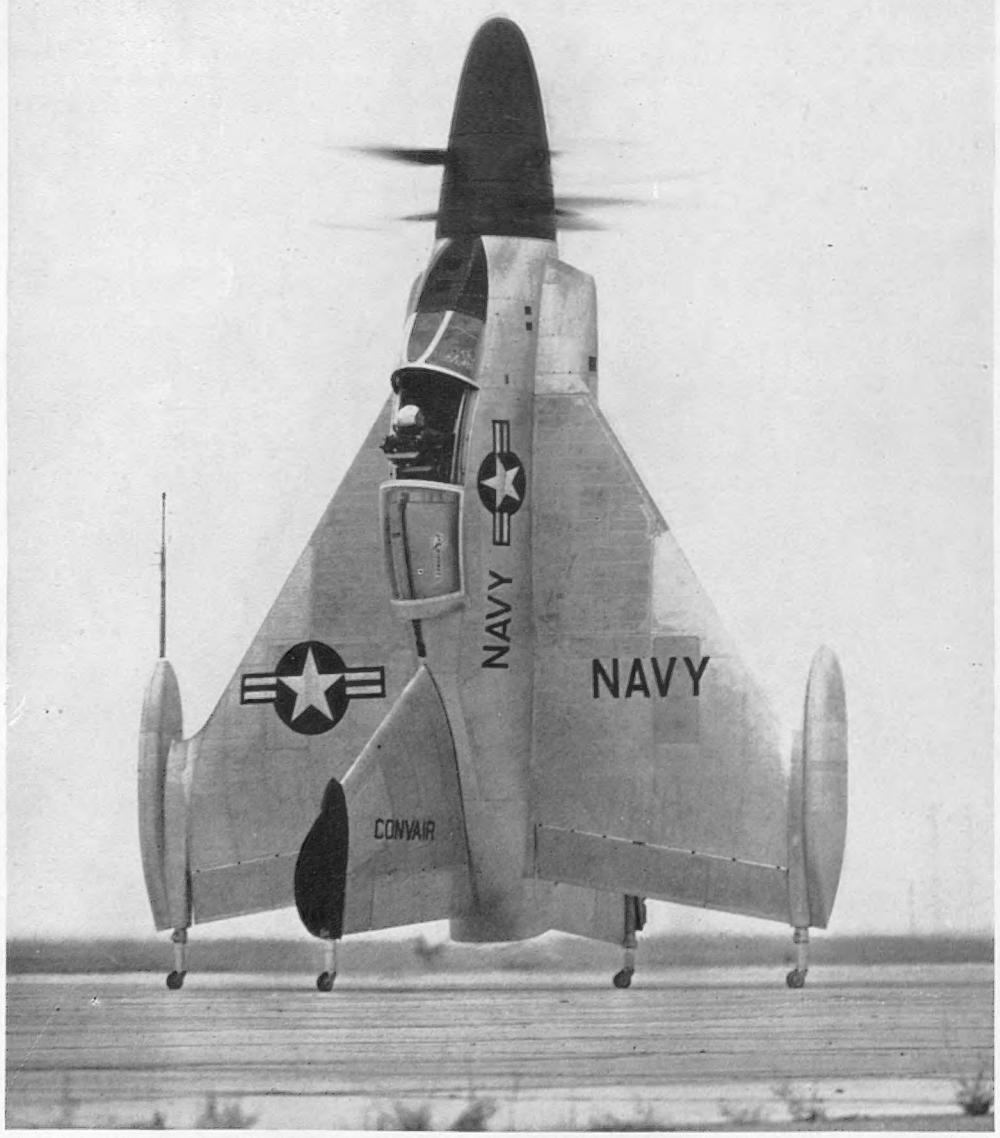
THE FIRST PICTURE OF A REMARKABLE NEW AIRCRAFT

At the annual dinner given by the S.B.A.C. during the Farnborough Show this year, Mr. Duncan Sandys, the Minister of Supply, made known the existence of a weird aircraft which was kept in the air by the thrust from two jet engines. He used the phrase "Flying Bedstead," and for weeks afterwards there was much speculation, both in aeronautical circles and in the village pub, on the appearance of this strange craft, and on the mechanical principles which kept it in the air. Mr. Sandys carefully gave the speculators very little to base their arguments on ; all that was disclosed was that the power came from two Nene jet engines which were mounted on a primitive type of rig, and the exhausts of which were deflected downwards to give lift. The pilot sat in a bucket seat above this, with only a few controls to handle.

Wing-Commander R. T. Shepherd, the Rolls-Royce flying consultant, who, Mr. Sandys said, had flown the machine, was quickly cornered by the Press, but although he made many statements, very little further information was forthcoming.

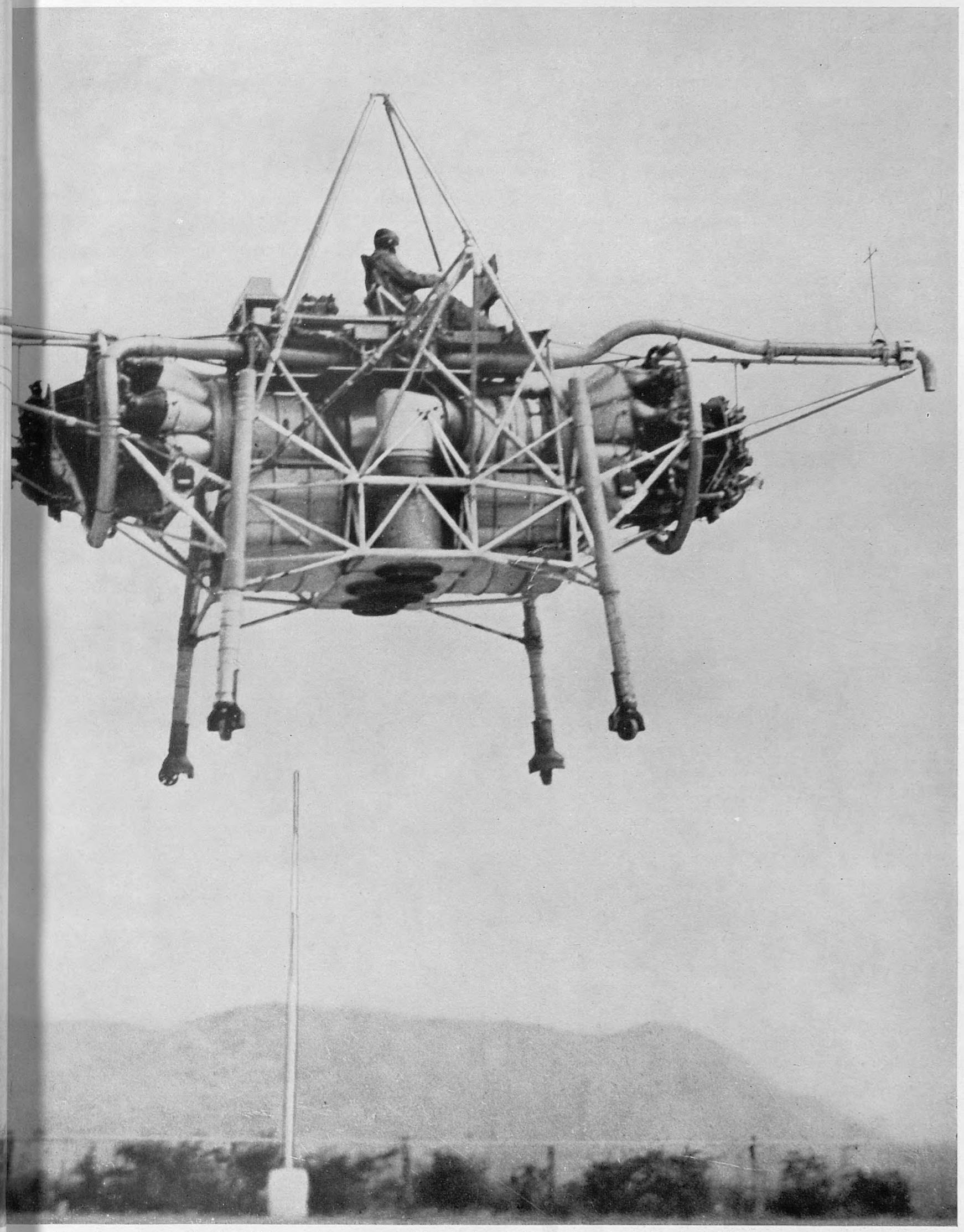
Then it was discovered that the people living in the vicinity of Hucknall Aerodrome, near Nottingham, where the Rolls-Royce have an experimental station, had only to look out of their windows on to the airfield to see the machine, and a daily paper sent a cameraman to Nottingham, who returned with a photograph which showed the "Flying Bedstead." The paper was refused permission to publish this, and consequently printed the picture the next day with a white square cut out, which was purported to be where the "Bedstead" was. At the same time it pointed out that if any person who cared to make the trip to Hucknall could see the machine, what was the point in keeping it on the secret list. And so began a campaign for pictures to be released.

Then, just under two weeks later, the official picture seen on this page was released, but before this THE SPHERE, with the help of Cavendish Morton, the artist, had, from the statements made by Shepherd and others, constructed a picture of what the "Bedstead" looked like, and pictures showing the use to which it might be put. These will appear in next week's issue of THE SPHERE.



AN AMERICAN VERTICAL TAKE-OFF PROJECT WHICH IS ALMOST AS UNCONVENTIONAL AS THE ROLLS-ROYCE "FLYING BEDSTEAD" : This is the Convair XFY-1, seen sitting on its tail in the take-off position. Details of this aircraft, together with those of the Lockheed XFV-1, a similar machine, have appeared in previous issues of "The Sphere." The plane is lifted by the pull of two large contra-rotating propellers, and when a certain height has been reached the pilot gradually assumes a normal flying position, when lift is obtained from the wings, the propellers being used for forward progress only. This method has many difficulties. Designers have thought of building a jet aircraft which would sit on its tail and take off in the same manner as the XFY-1, but this would make further difficulties. The propellers of the XFY-1 push air over the control surfaces at a considerably high speed during the slow movement of the plane itself through the air soon after take-off, and this slipstream could not be made by jet engines. A VTO jet aircraft of this type would be most unstable during take-off.

THE FIRST PICT
TO BE RELEASED
THE ROLLS - RO
VERTICAL TAKE-
PROJECT KNOWN
THE "FLYING
BEDSTEAD"



hen the photograph seen above was released, the Ministry of Supply also gave details which enabled a much clearer ure of the "Flying Bedstead's" method of flight to be ined.

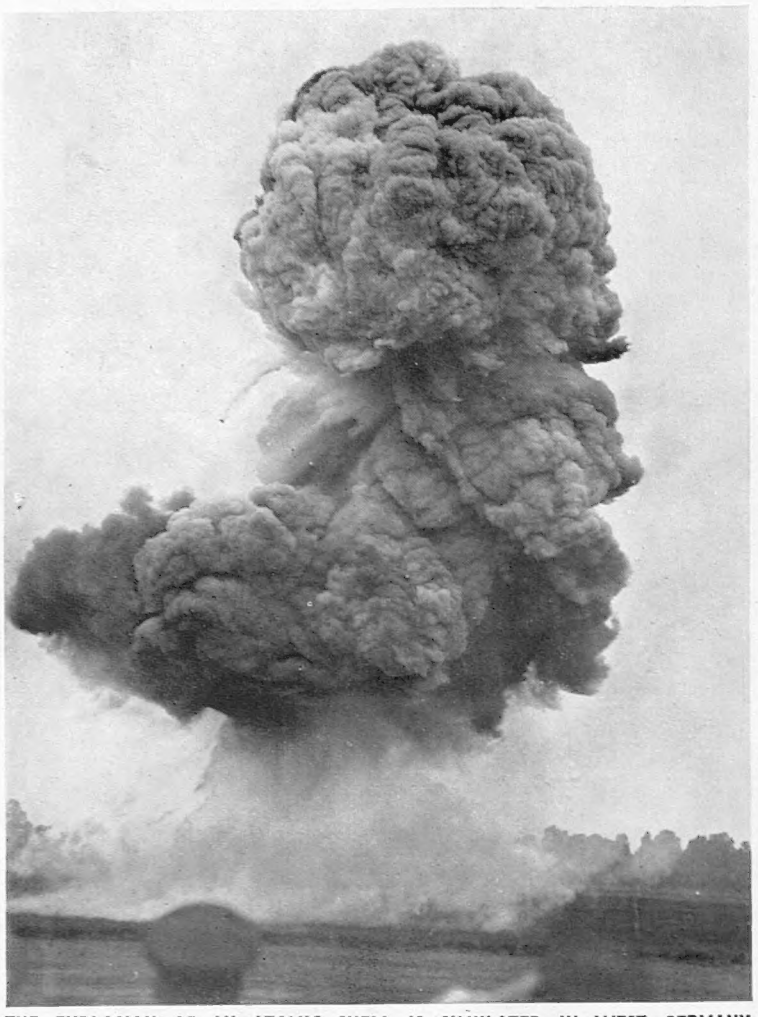
The lift is obtained directly from the thrust of the two Nene engines, the exhausts of which are directed downwards, and ch, from the photograph, appear to emerge through three rate openings arranged in a line across the machine. This ciple of jet lift is not new, and was used in the German V2 ets towards the end of the war. But, as the Germans dis- red to their dismay, a lengthy missile such as the V2 tended opple over soon after launching, when it was balanced ariously on the thrust of its rocket motor rather like a bottle nced on a stick. The designers of the "Flying Bedstead" have overcome this difficulty by placing the exhaust outlets at the centre of gravity, and arranging them to form a fairly wide base laterally, preventing any tendency to topple sideways. To give the pilot control of the aircraft in a longitudinal direction, and also to prevent toppling forwards or backwards, two long pipes carrying compressed air project fore and aft of the strange machine and, by varying the force of the air ejected through the nozzles of these pipes, the pilot can tilt the "Flying Bedstead" towards its nose or towards its tail at will. No mention is made of the way in which the aircraft is controlled about the horizontal axis—which is done by the rudder in a conventional aeroplane—but it would seem that the nozzles of the two balancing pipes could be turned to point horizontally, and thus push the aircraft round in the required direction. The air for these pipes is presumably taken from directly behind the compressor of one or both engines.

It has been suggested that in order to propel the aircraft forward, the pilot increases the thrust of the rear balancing nozzle, which would point the nose downwards, and at the same time cause the main jets to point towards the rear as well as downwards, and so the aircraft could move forward, albeit slowly. To fly backwards, the procedure is reversed.

It must be emphasised that the "Flying Bedstead" is only an experimental rig, and is not intended to look like the aircraft of the future. No attempt was made to develop an engine especially adapted for vertical take-off, as this would have been a lengthy procedure, but now this must be undertaken and the task will be easier with the help of the knowledge gained from the "Flying Bedstead."

ATOMIC GUNS IN EXERCISE "BATTLE ROYAL"

Nuclear Explosions were Simulated from American Cannon in the N.A.T.O. Exercise of 140,000 British, Canadian, Dutch and Belgians



THE EXPLOSION OF AN ATOMIC SHELL IS SIMULATED IN WEST GERMANY DURING EXERCISE "BATTLE ROYAL": Under the most realistic conditions, 140,000 soldiers and airmen of Britain, Canada, The Netherlands and Belgium were engaged in Westphalia in the biggest manœuvres ever held this side of the Iron Curtain. Both sides—"Northland," the attackers, and "Southland," the defenders—were equipped with American 280-mm. atomic cannon. This is the first time they have been employed in a N.A.T.O. exercise, but the rival commanders were only allowed to employ them sparingly on the principle that supplies of atomic shells are at present limited. Notice had to be given to the umpires four hours before an atomic shell was "fired." This enabled them to be at the target area and a blanket of smoke was set off by a firework device at the agreed time. Immediately the lethal area was sealed off, casualties and destruction inside its radius being deemed complete. In a wider radius outside, casualties were estimated as partial. Atomic explosions at various times were adjudged to have wiped out the First British Corps H.Q., the command group of the 7th British Armoured Brigade, and nearly half of two infantry battalions, besides a dozen tanks. Defending atomic weapons saved a most critical situation against superior conventional forces.

SPECTATORS AT THE MOCK WAR: The inhabitants looked on with interest at this Territorial paratrooper in action in Warendorf. At one stage in the exercise it was reported that the troops were supported in their attack by a platoon of civilians, like foot followers at a hunt.

AN ATOMIC CANNON PREPARES TO STRIKE: This is one of the American 280-mm. "Buccaneers," with which each side was equipped in Exercise "Battle Royal." It has a range of 20 miles. It weighs 85 tons on its transport of two giant trucks, but is very mobile.

TERRITORIAL PARATROOPERS IN ACTION: Men of the Territorial 46th Parachute Brigade Group line a ditch near Warendorf. Bad weather prevented them from being dropped by air and they were taken to their positions by truck. The paratroopers came from battalions in Liverpool, Glasgow and Cardiff, and included airborne R.E., R.A.M.C. and R.E.M.E.

CAMOUFLAGE PLAYED AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE EXERCISE: A Belgian crew smother their tank with wood and foliage in the peaceful surroundings of the village of Brockhagen. All troops learnt that camouflage is more vital than ever in atomic war.

On right—

GERMAN OFFICIAL GUESTS: Herr Theodore Blank, the Defence Minister-designate of the Federal Republic (wearing hat), and General Speidel, formerly Rommel's Chief of Staff, are briefed at the Canadian Field H.Q. by Lieut.-Colonel G. C. Cobould, of 2nd Battalion, Royal Canadian Regiment.

THE MIRROR SIGHT LANDING DEVICE ON THE DECK OF H.M.S. "ALBION": This aid to landing on the angled deck of carriers by high-speed jet aircraft is being manned ready for a landing. Basically the aid consists of a large curved mirror which the pilot watches when he approaches the carrier from astern. A blob of light is projected into this mirror from a group of lights in the after-part of the carrier, and if the pilot keeps the blob in line with the lights seen on either side of the mirror he can ensure landing at the appropriate angle to the deck. In order to ensure that the mirror remains at a constant angle regardless of the motion of the ship, gyro mechanical aids are called into operation. On the windscreen of the aircraft special panels are arranged which reflect different coloured lights to tell the pilot at what speed his aircraft is flying. This overcomes the difficulty presented by the fact that the pilot cannot take his eyes from the mirror sight when making his landing.

New Navy Landing Aids on Trial

The Mirror Sight and Angled Deck in use on the Aircraft-carrier H.M.S. "Albion" during Trials in the English Channel

On left—

A SUPERSONIC JET AIRCRAFT COMES DOWN TO LAND ON AN ANGLED DECK: The De Havilland 110, a twin-boom jet aircraft, which is not yet in service with the Royal Navy, making one of its touch-and-go landings on H.M.S. *Albion* during the evaluation trials off Portland.

FRANCO BUILDS HIMSELF A GIANT'S TOMB

In a Fantastic Underground Cathedral Hewn from Granite the Caudillo will Lie Among 150,000 of his Followers

HEWING OUT THE UNDERGROUND CATHEDRAL: Workmen are tunnelling deep into the granite of the Guadarrama Mountains as General Franco's underground cathedral takes shape. Here will lie the 150,000 Francoist dead from the Spanish Civil War. Here, too, the Caudillo himself plans to have his tomb.

THE CATHEDRAL WALLS BEGIN TO RISE: They are of granite and reach up to an enormous cupola only 3 ft. less in diameter than the dome of St. Peter's, Rome. Everything in this gigantic sepulchre is conceived on a vast scale.

A 500-FT. CROSS SURMOUNTS THE MAUSOLEUM: In white stone, it will be floodlit at night and visible to five Spanish provinces. Below it are the colonnades of the outer wall of the entrance to the subterranean cathedral. Before them an assembly ground is being prepared to hold 200,000 pilgrims. The workmen are former political prisoners who have been restored to their civil rights.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE GRAVE OF 150,000: A bronze door weighing 11 tons will guard the tomb of General Franco and those who died for him. It is a mausoleum only for the Nationalist dead. The project is expected to cost at least £2,700,000, all of which will come from voluntary subscriptions and gifts.

North of Madrid, in a valley below the Guadarrama Mountains, one of the most fantastic mausoleums ever devised is slowly coming into being. In effect, it is a vast underground cathedral hewn out of a granite rock. On the top it is surmounted by a vast white cross. This gargantuan creation is an idea of General Franco. The area will be known as "The Valley of the Dead," and here in the mountainside will rest the bodies of the 150,000 dead of the Nationalist side in the Spanish Civil War. Here, too, it is understood, the Caudillo himself will eventually have his tomb.

The mausoleum lies in a granite cone in the middle of a small valley. Above the cone a huge white cross has already been erected. It is nearly 500 ft. high, will be illuminated at night and be visible from five of the surrounding Spanish provinces. Inside the granite, construction is on a still grander scale. Some 200,000 cub. metres of stone have been dug from the interior to make the space for the huge subterranean cathedral. Its roof rises to a height of 120 ft. and takes the form of an enormous dome only 3 ft. smaller in diameter than the dome of St. Peter's, Rome. The cupola will be decorated by several hundreds of square yards of mosaics in Roman-Byzantine style. They are being prepared by the Spanish artist, Santiago Padros, who has studied in Germany. The cathedral will include a crypt with four ossariums and an entrance hall. They are reached through a bronze door weighing 11 tons. Outside, before the mausoleum, an assembly ground is being planned. It will contain 200,000 people for celebrations of open-air Masses and other ceremonies. "The Valley of the Dead" is being put under the care of a monastic order—which particular order has not yet been decided. But a large monastery building has already been completed at the head of the valley. It has many modern amenities and will serve as a hotel and restaurant for pilgrims.

THE GIGANTIC HEAD OF AN APOSTLE: Waiting to be moved to its place in the mausoleum, it looks out to the Guadarrama hills, where Franco suffered a resounding defeat during the Civil War.

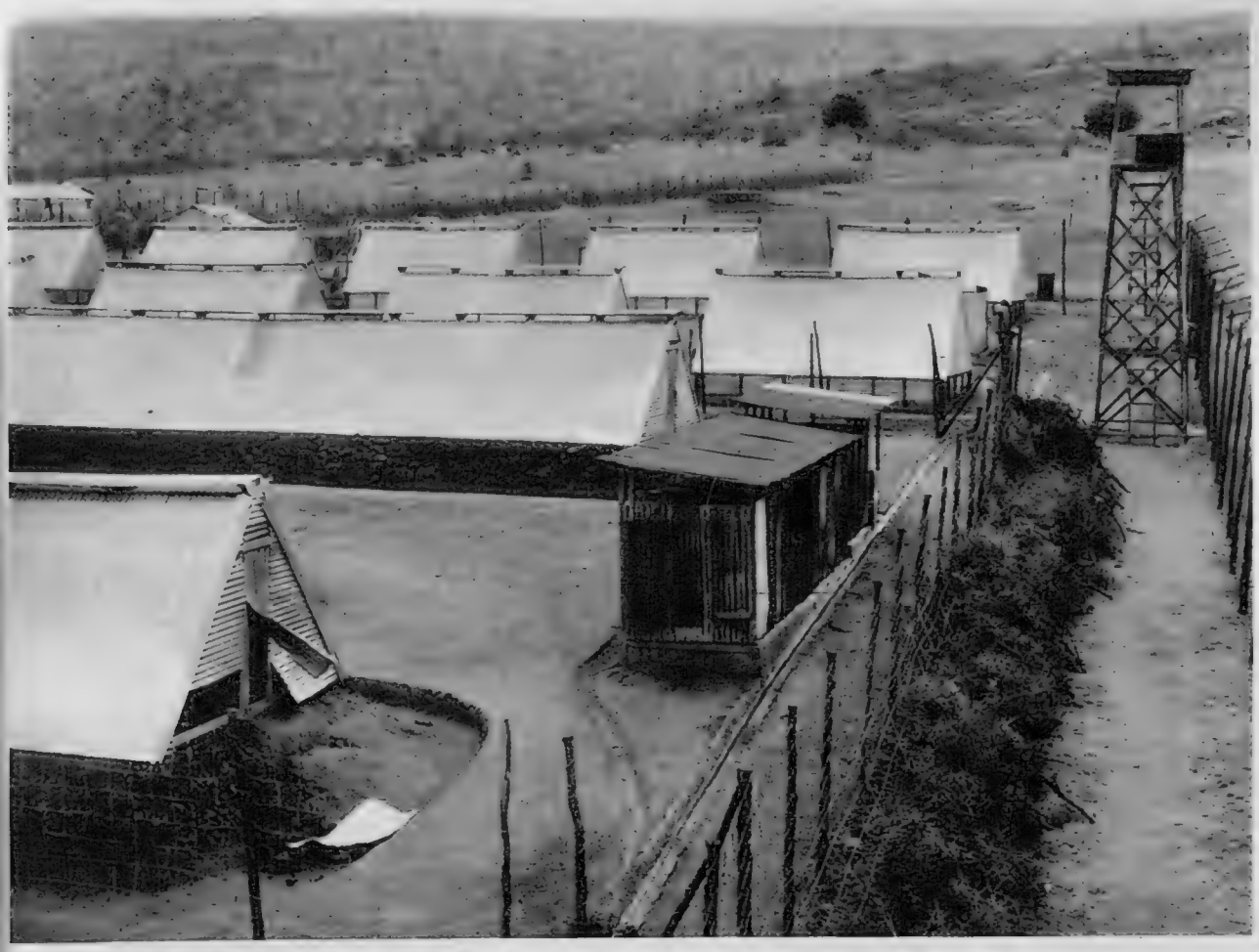
The work is being carried out by former political prisoners who have been restored to civil status. The cost of this spectacular project of General Franco is estimated at 300,000,000 pesetas (£2,700,000). However, it is claimed that no State funds are being used, all the necessary money being subscribed voluntarily by the public. The mausoleum may take another two years to complete. How far "The Valley of the Dead" will be regarded as a truly national memorial it is difficult to foresee. For only the Francoist dead will lie there, and this exclusiveness will not serve to reconcile opposing Spanish political factions. The Valley is a "forbidden zone" and those trying to enter without passes are turned back by Civil Guards.

The Lukinia Prison Raid

The Scene of the Daring Attack by Mau Mau Terrorists in Kenya in which 214 Convicts were Released

A most daring raid was carried out by forty Mau Mau terrorists last month. With great boldness and fine planning, the terrorists smashed their way into the Lukinia prison camp, twenty miles from Nairobi, where Mau Mau prisoners were being kept in custody. Without suffering any casualties, the terrorists released 214 African convicts, and stole three shot-guns, two service rifles, a revolver and 332 rounds of ammunition. The raiders were well-armed, but they met little resistance. The single British prison officer on duty was awakened by shots and shouting, and found it impossible to get to the prison compound from his house. It is reported that many of the sixty-three African guards panicked and fought amongst themselves to escape the raiders. One guard was killed. An inquiry into the attack will be held.

The raid took place early on a moonless night, and the raiders and escaped prisoners were allowed plenty of time before an effective search for them could be undertaken. After two days only ninety-three convicts had been recaptured, and many of these are said to have given themselves up to the authorities. This raid comes at a time when it was thought the Mau Mau was gradually coming under military and police control. The attack was said to have been personally directed by the Mau Mau "Field-Marshal" Kimathi, and its brilliance and daring has no doubt had its effect on Africans.



LUKINIA PRISON CAMP AFTER THE MAU MAU RAID : The deserted encampment some twenty miles to the south-east of Nairobi which was raided by Mau Mau terrorists, who released 214 Mau Mau prisoners confined there. At the extreme left can be seen one of the huts from which the prisoners were rescued, with the corrugated iron torn away. The terrorists were all armed with rifles or automatic weapons.

On left—

OUTSIDE THE PRISON GATES : The convict clothes of an escaped prisoner lie discarded just beyond the barbed-wire fences around Lukinia prison camp.

On right—

IT WAS A TIME FOR SWIFT ACTION AND VIOLENCE : One of the corrugated iron huts from which the prisoners escaped. The terrorists also broke into the armoury, from which a number of weapons and ammunition were taken.

SHUTTING THE STABLE DOOR ? Officers examining the gate to the prison camp on the morning after the raid. After two days, despite intensive searches and warnings sent out to Africans throughout Kenya, over half of the 214 escaped prisoners were still at large. The raid was executed by about forty terrorists.

PRISON GARB WAS DISCARDED AT THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY : As the prisoners broke out of the camp they threw off their tell-tale prison clothing and draped it on the barbed wire around the compound. One African warder was killed in the raid, but the terrorists suffered no casualties. An inquiry is being held.

NEWS FROM WEST AND EAST

A Pictorial Survey of Recent Events in Europe, Asia and America

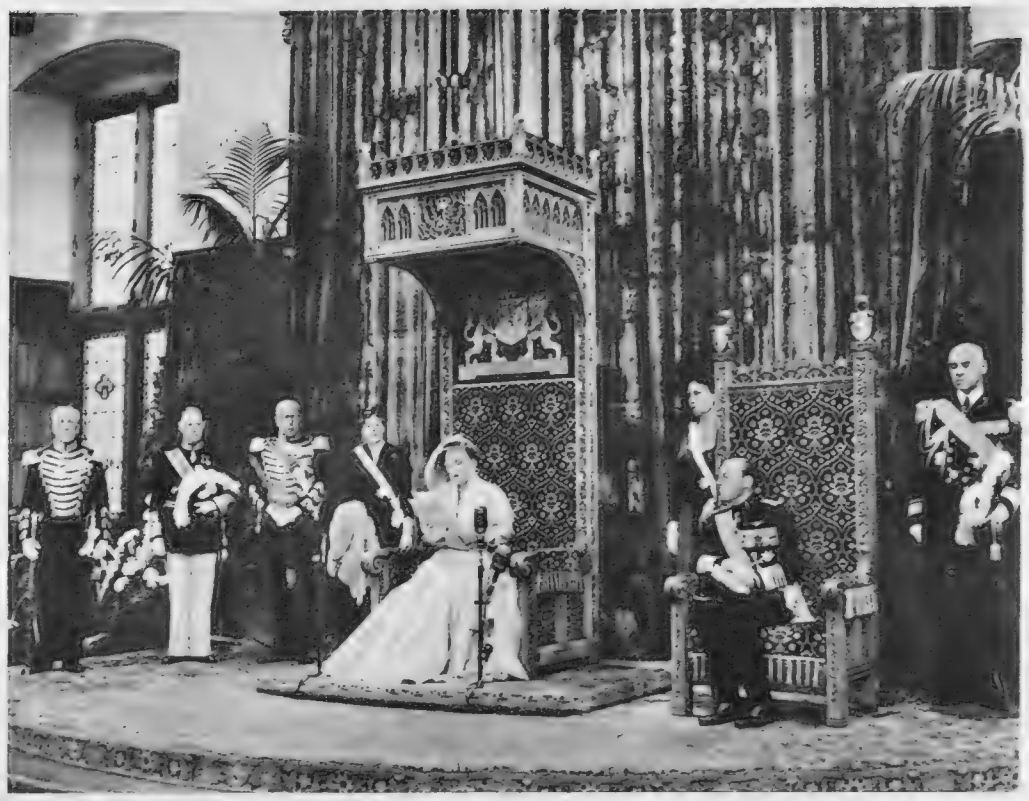
THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER PUTS FORWARD HIS GOVERNMENT'S PLAN FOR A WESTERN EUROPEAN DEFENCE SYSTEM : M. Mendès-France addressing the Council of Europe in Strasbourg, whose members are seen listening attentively to the plans which the French Premier outlined. M. Mendès-France first explained why his Government had rejected the European Defence Community Treaty. The two main reasons were the principle of supra-nationality inherent in the treaty and the absence of Britain from E.D.C. He then put forward five principles which he considered essential for a new solution to the problem of the defence of Western Europe. First, and M. Mendès-France laid the greatest emphasis on this, came greater participation by Britain. Secondly, the French Prime Minister proposed transforming the Brussels Treaty into a convention to assure peace and security in Europe, and to study the limitation and control of armaments. Thirdly, the sovereignty of Germany, without discrimination, must be recognised. Fourthly, there must be some limitations of authority within the Brussels Treaty. And, finally, M. Mendès-France suggested that there was no need for a new military organisation within the framework of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, which he considered quite sufficient for European defence.

PERSIA PURGES HER ARMY OF COMMUNISTS : Colo Seiamak, right, accused of being one of the leader a Communist organisation within the Persian Arm seen with his escorts outside the military court Teheran, where he was being tried. Colonel Seiam was one of more than 400 officers who were arrest at the end of August on charges that they we members of a Tudeh (Communist) Party spy-rin Colonel Mostafa Amjadi, who is Chief of the Intelligen Branch of the Teheran Military Government, h demanded death by a firing squad for all the arreste officers. It is alleged that the spy-ring planned revolution to establish a "People's Democrat Republic" along Soviet satellite lines. The Gover ment claims that, with the arrests, the Communi element within the Persian Army has now bee completely destroyed. It is stated that almo all the arrested officers had signed confession

THE PRINCES OF ARABIA TROOP A COLOUR BEFORE THEIR FATHER : Accompanying a huge flag of pure silk, some of the many sons of King Saud of Saudi Arabia are seen saluting with their gold-inlaid swords as they march past the Royal dais on which their father stood outside the Palace of Kasr-luzam, in Jeddah. Only those princes of the Royal Family who were considered to have reached military age were allowed to participate.

***On right*— KING SAUD TAKING THE SALUTE :** At left is the King's brother, Emir Missal, who is the Saudi Arabian Air Minister and Minister of Defence. The King wore military uniform for the first time in Saudi-Arabian history. The occasion for the parade was the march-past of an infantry brigade and motorised units which have been American - trained.

THE REMAINS OF A NEWCASTLE STEAMER ARE BROKEN UP IN HOLLAND : Looking like the jawbone of some prehistoric man, the stern of the Britis steamer *Spanker* is lifted clear of the water by a floating derrick o the Hook of Holland. At the beginning of last August the 1,197-ton vesse formerly the *Highwood*, ran into the North Pier at the Hook of Holland during a gale. As under Dutch laws a wreck cannot be towed away, the Newcastle vessel had to be broken up at the point where she was wrecked



QUEEN JULIANA OPENS THE DUTCH PARLIAMENT AT THE HAGUE : *On left*—The procession of Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands as they made their way through the streets of The Hague to the opening of Parliament. *On right*—The Queen reading the Speech from the Throne in the Hall of the Knights. In her speech the Queen told Parliament that freer world trade was of the greatest importance to the Netherlands, and that the Government aimed at the reduction of tariff barriers.

AN IMMORTAL MOMENT IS RECAPTURED IN STONE : A workman setting up the scaffolding on this statue in the Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, is dwarfed by the giant figures of the Marines depicted in the memorial. The statue depicts the dramatic raising of the flag on the island of Iwo Jima, the scene of one of the most famous victories by the Marines in the Second World War. The statue is to serve as a memorial to the United States Marines.

VICTIMS OF A TYPHOON AT REST AFTER THE STORM : Some of the many thousands of people rendered homeless by the typhoon which struck Southern Japan sleeping in Osaka Railway Station. The area hardest hit by the typhoon was Kyushu, the southernmost of the Japanese islands. Although there were less than 300 casualties, it is estimated that some 220,000 people were rendered homeless. An official in Tokyo described the force of the typhoon as that of "1,000 hydrogen bombs."

CHINESE COMMUNISTS RELEASE THREE AMERICANS : Interrogation with a difference awaited the three Americans in Hong Kong who had just been released after spending eighteen months in Chinese captivity. Answering questions are, from left, Mr. Donald Dixon, correspondent of the International News Service, Mr. Richard Applegate, of the National Broadcasting Company, and Mr. Benjamin Krasker, a naval captain. The three Americans were in a yacht which was seized by a Communist gunboat between Hong Kong and Macao in March 1953. From the time they arrived on the Chinese mainland to the day of their release, the three men never saw each other. They had long spells of solitary confinement, and were constantly interrogated in order to elicit bogus "confessions."

CUBA PREPARES FOR A NEW ELECTION : The frenzied scene in the town of Guines, forty miles east of Havana, as General Fulgencio Batista stands on the platform acknowledging the cheers of his supporters. In fact, the election campaign for the Cuban Presidency has not even begun yet, but the General, the present holder of the office, is taking no chances, and is stepping-up his campaign for the popular vote in anticipation of elections later this year. General Batista became ruler of Cuba in 1952, when he displaced President Carlos Prio in a military coup. In July of last year the ex-President made an abortive attempt to regain power, and this was made the occasion of a "suspension" of constitutional guarantees in Cuba.

THE "PUFFIN" ISLE OF LUND

In the Bristol Channel a Minute Community Lives in a Sanctuary of Puffins and Other Sea-birds

VISITORS DISEMBARK ON LUNDY ISLAND: As they come ashore from the pleasure steamer which has brought them from Bristol, they pay a landing fee at the small wooden jetty. In the foreground is the tractor which is the island's sole mechanical transport. Lundy has a permanent population of ten, but to them must be added lighthouse-keepers, coastguards and numerous visitors.

THE OWNER'S HOME: The house of Mr. Martin Coles Harman, Lundy's owner, looks down into the south bay. During gales, the bay provides shelter for ships coming up the Bristol Channel. The island lies fifteen miles north-west of Clovelly.

THE ISLAND'S CEMETE
The house beyond the headquarters of Lundy Field Society. members come to s the birds and insect which the isle abo The island's name rives from its common bird, the p

On left—
THE CHURCH OF ST. HEL
This is a modern bu which is served by Vicar of Appledore, Devon coast. He once a month to co services. The bells to be removed from tower because free gales made them un

Lundy Island, a small outpost of the British Isles, lies fifteen miles out in the Bristol Channel, off the north-west coast of Devon. It is three-and-a-half miles long and one mile wide. Lighthouses at either end warn shipping of the dangers from surrounding rocks and reefs.

Its permanent population is ten people, who live in the south-east of the island. However, their numbers are increased by lighthouse-keepers, coastguards and members of the Lundy Island Field Society, who come to watch birds and engage in nature study. There is one public-house, the Marisco Tavern, where drinks can be served at any time of day. The tavern is also the village store, in which the inhabitants take it in turns to serve. Supplies are brought from the mainland by a Proctor aircraft and by ship. The only mechanical vehicle is a farm tractor, which serves as a bus, a truck for collecting stores and for any other purpose needed. The church is modern and is served from Appledore, in Devon, the vicar coming at least once a month when weather permits. One of the island's most important functions is as a weather centre, daily meteorological reports being sent by radio-telephone to Hartland Point coastguard station.

Lund is an ancient Norse word and means "Puffin," and for these birds the isle has long been famous. Visitors usually obtain the Puffin stamps on labels, designed by a former islander, from the island store and affix them to their letters as mementoes. Lundy is also the haunt of many other species of birds, notably guillemots, kittiwakes, razor bills and herring gulls. A bird sanctuary is maintained on a pyramidical rock at the north end of the island and called The Constable. Besides birds, other animal life abounds, the latest stock census listing 50 wild ponies, 300 sheep, 100 wild sheep, 100 wild goats, 150 deer and 50 horned stock. From time to the ponies are rounded up and sent to Barnstaple

The present owner of Lundy, Mr. Martin Harman, has done much to preserve it for na lovers as a sanctuary for all kinds of wild life. I he is following a previous owner, the Rev. H Grossett Heaven, who was well known as a natural the last century. The Rev. Hudson Grossett Hea father, William Hudson Heaven, bought the isla 1836 for £9,000, and from that time dates its mo development. Lundy's previous history had bee from creditable. Its first recorded lord was Sir Jord Marisco, in the twelfth century. The ruins of his are still standing. He led a life of such violence Henry II declared the castle and the island forfeit, ferring them to the Knights Templar. But the Ma family held out against them and refused to allo

WILD GOATS HERD ON THE ROCKS : There are about 100 on the island. Lundy is well provided with livestock, including sheep, deer, cattle and wild ponies. The ponies are sent, from time to time, to Barnstaple Fair.

THE ONLY TAVERN : Drinks can be obtained here all day. It is also the island's shop. The lifebelts on the wall are from ships which have foundered on the rocks.

A HOUSE TORN BY GALES : The islanders often face tempests. Here a dilapidated house can be seen, with roof-tiles swept away. Lundy Island is also subject to fogs.

Knights to land, until, in 1242, William de Marisco was caught by a ruse and taken a prisoner to London. There he was charged with plotting against the life of the king and executed. According to a contemporary chronicler, he maintained his innocence to the scaffold. In ensuing centuries Lundy became a favourite base for pirates preying on shipping in the Bristol Channel. Charles I appointed the first Governor, but at the time of William and Mary the inhabitants were plundered by the French. A notorious governor in the eighteenth century was an M.P. named Benson, who was also a smuggler and a pirate.

However, to-day Lundy is a peaceful and prosperous community. In winter it is often swept by gales or enveloped in fogs. But those who in clear weather look from the mainland at its table-headed rock rising in the sun may gaze not without envy at its undisturbed detachment from the rush of modern living.

"PUFFIN ISLAND" FROM THE AIR : The community, with its white church, stands above the cliffs in the foreground at the south end of Lundy. The island is three-and-a-half miles long and at its maximum a mile wide. On the rocky coast are colonies of sea-birds.

ANCIENT AND MODERN : The up-to-date lighthouse warns shipping from the rocks. This picture was taken from the ruins of the keep of the Marisco castle. The de Mariscos were the first recorded lords of Lundy, in the twelfth century. They carried on a feud with the English kings. Later, the island was a base for pirates.

THE ONLY KEY TO THE WHOLE TRUTH

The Biographers' Debt to the Hoarders of Old Letters Can Never be Paid; But the Day of the Hoarder is Over

By JOHN GORE

REGRETS FOR A DYING HOBBY.—I spent many hours last winter in going through old files and boxes of dusty papers and consigning most of them, after a mild scrutiny, to the incinerator. The letters dated from 1790 and continued well into the present century. I must have looked into and destroyed over a thousand of them. They were hoarded by my great-grandmother, grandfather, my parents and myself, and quite obviously the impulse to hoard had been bestowed on us by my great-grandmother, whose collection, dating from 1790, was the largest of all. Her hoard included quantities of her husband's letters written to her before and after her marriage and quite 300 letters written to her at various times by her numerous sons.

Of these last, those of my grandfather, who was her youngest son, were of some political and considerable social interest and many of them I had used in my work as a biographer. None of the others were worth keeping beyond the day of receipt. This leads me to examine the nature of the hoarder. Hoarding letters appears to go with diary-writing, which is a valuable habit in the view of social historians, even when the entries are purely domestic and commonplace. But I doubt whether the hoarder is actuated by any thought of the social historian of the future. Sentiment is at the root of his impulse, with perhaps an exaggerated sense of self-importance to be bolstered up beyond his own life with documentary proof that he was once loved and deferred to by his family and friends. My great-grandmother was a noble character, though neither erudite nor witty nor observant. Her husband leaned on her, her children were devoted to her. She was a Miss Hales, daughter of Sir Thomas Pym-Hales, of Bekesbourne, in Kent, whose ancestor married the daughter and heiress of John Pym, and who was himself a Kentish M.P.

The Life of Longbourn and Hartfield.—It was a family of daughters and my great-grandmother began to keep a diary in a minute hand in minute copies of the annual *Ladies' Daily Companion* in the year 1789. It recorded her daily life in Kent among the Bridges and Brydges and Knatchbulls and Knights, and so on, who lived in their corner of Kent. It could not be much duller. Even when Jane Austen with her mother and brother Edward (Austen) Knight blow in to pay a morning call, she sees no reason for a descriptive sketch (being as blind to the future as most of us). The Austens were "pleasant or gentlemanlike," no more. But the dull record is not to be altogether despised by social historians, for Miss Hales describes in detail the stock-in-trade of Miss Austen, the day-to-day, hour-by-hour, existence of Emma, the Bennets, and so on, made golden by Jane's "touches," left utterly drab by Caroline Hales' lack of humour and observation of character.

All the Hales girls, of course, marry young and marry young men living within riding distance of their home. Caroline marries my great-grandfather, a soldier who was A.D.C. to General Sir C. Grey in those parts and was concerned with the suppression of the Nore Mutiny. Perhaps it was the diary habit which brought the young people together. For I found and gave to the Maritime Museum of Greenwich a diary of events during the mutiny kept by my great-grandfather. They became engaged and letter-hoarding began to take the place of diary-writing for Caroline.

I think she must have kept a majority of the letters written to her by her sons during a long life. Some of them went out into the world on diplomatic missions and I wondered, even as I destroyed, whether some student or professor in South America might not find an interest I failed to find in their descriptions of life in the South American cities a century and a quarter ago.

Where the Truth Lies.—The Paston family of Norfolk hoarded its correspondence. They must have judged these letters to be very small beer. But how much the poorer we should be, how much more ignorant of the social life of the fifteenth century if those thousand letters had been torn up or consigned after centuries to a bonfire *en bloc*. They are, after all is said, one of the more important sources we possess of the evolution of our language during that dark century.

The Thurloe papers, again, make history, a chief source for the politics of the Protectorate. No doubt he knew their value and himself hid them in a false ceiling in his Lincoln's Inn Chambers, where indeed they might have remained long after the reign of William III but for the poking and prying of a clergyman who rented the rooms. But if Thurloe's hoardings were of stronger beer, the historians of our own day acknowledge as large a debt to hoarded small beer. None has been more generous in his acknowledgements than Sir Arthur Bryant; to Celia Fiennes and Rifleman Harris and honest John Byng. It was easy then to hoard and add to hoards. Only in our own day has hoarding become difficult. We live in flats, and a hidden cocktail bar is judged more important than a family archive-room or lumber-room. In our pre-occupation with the present and future, our children have scrapped all sense of the past and interest in the lives of their forebears.

The Reasons for Hoarding.—Hoarding, as its name implies, keeps its eye on the future, though not always on posterity or the interests of the future historian. There are those who hoard only for their own enjoyment or prestige, to relive their own lives or conserve a sense of their own importance or usefulness. In that category come collectors of all forms of works of art and curios. In that also comes my great-grandmother hoarding her children's letters. These people, for the most part, hoard the work of others with no desire to benefit remote posterity.

Others hoard with an eye on posterity, hoard what they believe will be historically useful centuries hence. Of these last Thurloe would be cited and many men who held positions of trust and secrets not to be divulged for some generations of time.

The Creevey Papers belong to both categories. Miss Ord hoarded Creevey letters because she understood he would need to refer to them if and when that *History of his own times* was ever written, which it never was. But Creevey himself had another eye on posterity. He was a shrewd journalist and knew his worth as a columnist.

Boswell hoarded Johnson's words, well knowing their imperishable value; Greville had a not less profound belief in his own judgments of men and events.

Pepys? I doubt if he guessed that his ciphers would be solved. I fancy he hoarded to relive his hot youth. His health in his last years at Clapham made it impossible for him to use his diaries for a history of his times.

And as for the asterisk confessions, we may suppose that both he and Boswell (in his *London Journal*) recorded and hoarded those frank confessions of the sexual prowess of their youth for much the same reason as I or my grandfather or Lord Malmesbury kept, throughout our lives, a record of every day's shooting and the bags, *pour revivre* in old age. Apologists for the frankness of both Pepys and Boswell point out that the piquancy of their diaries is due not to uncommon emotions, but precisely to the frankness which reveals emotions all but universal which most people conceal from themselves and almost all from others. But while Pepys avowed them to himself in secret, Boswell loved openly to boast of them.

Vanity and Noble Sentiments.—Vanity, then, I conclude, is at the root of many forms of hoarding, though that vanity takes innumerable forms; whether a man hoards Fabergé trifles or children's letters or the records of his prowess in field or bedrooms, he is tickling his vanity as a connoisseur or a man of means or taste, as a loved parent, a lucky progenitor, a fine sportsman or the deuce of a Don Juan.

But let us not make the mistake of attributing all actions, even the best, to human frailties. For that way lies the madness of cynicism, when we attribute acts of charity to the lust for self-approbation. Hoarded love-letters must be exempted from any charge of vanity. Their preservation stems from the noblest that is in us, the noblest and most valuable emotion which helps us to preserve the family ideal which is the secret of natural greatness. These letters were never meant to be read save by the recipient. They survive because even on his or her death-bed, he or she could not bear to destroy them. And for that reason, they are the most touching form of inherited manuscripts. No man can read unmoved the love-letters of his mother. He sees her then for the first time after her death in a strange and new relationship as a sister or perhaps a daughter, and all the infinite pathos of life and death and the generations of mankind crowds in on him and gives him too late an understanding and sympathy with her which might have sweetened and made even lovelier their relationship in life and explained so much that lives in his memory with regrets.

And now that the day of the hoarder is over, on what must the social historian of the future rely for the truth and the colour of existence in past eras?

Not surely on the novels of realism which flood the bookshops. Wars no doubt always unseat the reason, but disillusion and cynicism and despair have never been universal in our race, and it is only because so much higher a proportion of the population in modern times have endured the horrors of war in jungles, on beaches and in bombed cities, that these depressing evidences appear so compelling and widespread. And not, I am sure, on newspaper files and planners' statistics. These may reveal a skeleton, but never succeed in clothing it in living flesh. And the immensity of this source of knowledge (not to speak of its contradictions) precludes any effort to arrive at the truth or to strike an average.

The truth about a nation lies in the normal. Much of the Press devotes itself to the abnormal. ("Man bites dog" is news. The reverse is commonplace.) And the diaries or letters of "a provincial lady" are of more use to truth-seeking posterity than all the sensational disclosures of the Press and all the statistics of the planners.

The Thrills of Treasure-hunting.—For my part, I deplore the decline in hoarding chiefly for its deferred recreational value. All my life I have enjoyed what so many people regard as futile waste of time, raking for treasure in the ash-heaps of the past. The thrill of these treasure-hunts never fades. In the tubs of the second-hand booksellers I shall one day find a rare edition or a manuscript, shedding light on an obscure historical event. I may not hope to find Shakespeare's authentic autobiography or the truth about the Man in the Iron Mask or even Madeleine Smith or Constance Kent, but I *have* unearthed treasure in the thousands of dull old faded letters I have spelt through, the faded diaries and the lumber-rooms and little square boxes, containing grandmama's oddments.

Item, ten unknown letters by Byron in his best manner and in his last phase, which settled for ever the mystery of his lyric "When we two parted"; sufficient facts on which to write a more or less authoritative biography of that once forgotten scribe, Thomas Creevey, and to elucidate his origins; the truth about the domestic life of "Kiss-me" Hardy; and a mass of information about how people in the privileged Whig circle lived and thought in the first decades of the nineteenth century.

My own debt to the hoarders can never be acknowledged and never paid. I wish I could persuade their children to find the time and the space to carry on their good work. We need them, and the social historians need them more than ever before, *now* when every cupboard stands ostensibly open and there is choice of a million keys. The hoarder's key is still the only key to the whole truth. It is the key of the front door of the little house.

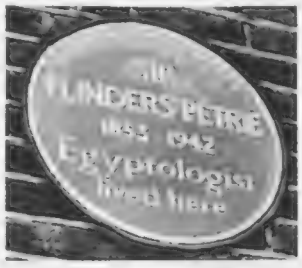
FUTURE OF A COMPOSER'S HOME: COMMEMORATING AN EGYPTOLOGIST

On left—

SIR EDWARD ELGAR'S FORMER HOME SOLD: The Y.M.C.A. at Worcester has bought for £3,000 Marl Bank, on Rainbow Hill, the house in which the famous composer spent his last years. Elgar, who was born at Broadheath, near Worcester, took this house at the time of the 1929 Worcester Festival, and decided to live in it permanently. The Y.M.C.A. propose to convert the house into a forty-roomed hostel. Elgar died at Marl Bank, leaving unfinished a Symphony which the B.B.C. had commissioned him to write.

On right—

A PLAQUE IS ERECTED IN COMMEMORATION OF A FAMOUS EGYPTOLOGIST: The London County Council has erected a plaque (see *below*) on 5, Cannon Place, Hampstead, N.W.3, denoting the residence there from 1919 until 1935 of Sir Flinders Petrie, the world-famous Egyptologist. Born at Woolwich in 1853, Petrie early became interested in archæology. He worked first on Stonehenge, and later went to Egypt, doing important research and investigation on the Pyramids, on the temples of Gizeh and on Memphis. He founded what became the British School of Archæology in Egypt, and was for many years Edwards Professor of Egyptology at University College, London.



The Controversy Over Edenbridge

At a Public Inquiry the Inhabitants Objected to L.C.C. Plans for Enlarging this Picturesque Market Town

CONTROVERSY OVER THE FUTURE OF EDENBRIDGE: Local opposition to the L.C.C. scheme for enlarging this picturesque town in Kent led to the public inquiry which concluded recently. The L.C.C. proposes to build a housing estate there. Edenbridge has a history of 2,000 years. In the High Street, seen here, thirty-three buildings are named as worthy of preservation.

THE NORMAN CHURCH: St. Peter and St. Paul was founded at the Norman Conquest and contains Norman masonry in the nave. The remainder of the church is largely Decorated and Perpendicular. The pulpit is Jacobean and there is a Burne-Jones window.

THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY TANNERY HOUSE: Built in 1430, it still remains a tannery. Edenbridge has associations with Sir Thomas Gresham, who built the Manor House. The inhabitants formed a Defence Committee to fight the L.C.C. proposals and preserve the traditional character of their town.

THE OLD PRIEST HOUSE: Its curved beam is an unusual feature of fifteenth-century domestic architecture. This house was originally used as a lodging for the priest of the church beyond.

THE CROWN HOTEL WAS ESTABLISHED IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY: It stands in the High Street, which is part of the Roman road from London to the Weald. The Kent County Council refused to sanction the L.C.C. plans, alleging they were unbalanced and would destroy local amenities.

Controversy over the future development of the picturesque market town of Edenbridge, in the Weald of Kent, led to a Public Inquiry, which ended recently. The inquiry was ordered by Mr. Harold Macmillan, the Minister of Housing and Local Government, to whom the Inspector who conducted the proceedings is making his report. But the decision may not be known for some months. The inquiry turned on an L.C.C. plan to enlarge the town with a housing estate and industries. The proposals envisage an increase of the present population of 4,000 to about 9,000. The L.C.C. bought Stangrove Park, a country house with 40 acres on the outskirts, for £20,000 and contemplated the purchase of further agricultural land for housing. The Conservative-controlled Kent County Council refused to sanction the scheme, declaring that it would destroy the amenities of Edenbridge, with its ancient architecture and history of 2,000 years. They also objected to the use of farmland for building. In their objections they were strongly supported by the local defence committee, formed by the inhabitants.

Edenbridge consists, in the main, of its long, narrow High Street, which is part of the Roman road from London to the Weald. Mellow red brick predominates in its buildings, and thirty-three of them are named as worthy of preservation. One of them was built by Sir William Taylor, Lord Mayor of London in 1469. His arms and those of the Grocers' Company are on the spandrels of the doorway. Another famous Londoner, Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange, built the near-by Manor House. The church has some early Norman masonry and is largely Decorated and Perpendicular in style. Among its other features are a sixteenth-century brass and font, a Jacobean pulpit and a Burne-Jones window. A near-by showplace is Hever Castle, where Henry VIII wooed Anne Boleyn.

At the inquiry the defence committee did not dispute that London has a problem in housing its overspill population. But they argued that Edenbridge was not the place in which to try and solve it. There was no evidence that industrialists wished to move there. The land the L.C.C. was proposing to acquire was said to be the best in the village. The objectors maintained that Edenbridge should be preserved for historical reasons and as an agricultural area. The L.C.C. said it was absurd to suggest that they intended transforming a small market town into an industrial centre.

LIBRARIES AND BRIDGES

TWO MODERN PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN THIS COUNTRY AND GERMANY; AND A CHARMING NEW BRIDGE IN THE COTSWOLDS

LONDON'S NEWEST AND MOST UP-TO-DATE LIBRARY: The front of the Coombes Croft Branch Library which has recently been opened by the Tottenham Corporation. The furniture is in the modern style, and clever use has been made of windows, giving the interior good lighting. Above the library is a block of flats.

It is very important that libraries should be well-lit, but very few are because of the large bookshelves which line the walls and often interfere with light coming through windows. The new library in Tottenham has been specially designed to overcome this failing. Although the walls of the rooms are lined throughout with bookcases, all exterior walls are fitted with a continuous line of windows above these, and the light from the windows is augmented by large batteries of fluorescent lights and also by concealed spotlights fitted over the shelves. All doors and partitions are of glass, and these add to the well-lit atmosphere of both the children's and adults' rooms.

The main entrance consists almost entirely of glass, and in front of the building is a spacious forecourt with parking space for perambulators and bicycles, and a rail where dogs can be tied to await their owners. In the entrance hall attention has been paid to speeding up the return of old books and the stamping of new ones, and the changing counter is fitted with two sliding shelves to facilitate the removal of old books. A type of miniature railway system is used to return the books to the bookshelves.

Because of the shortage of housing sites, the Ministry of Housing and Local Government agreed to a block of flats being built above the library.

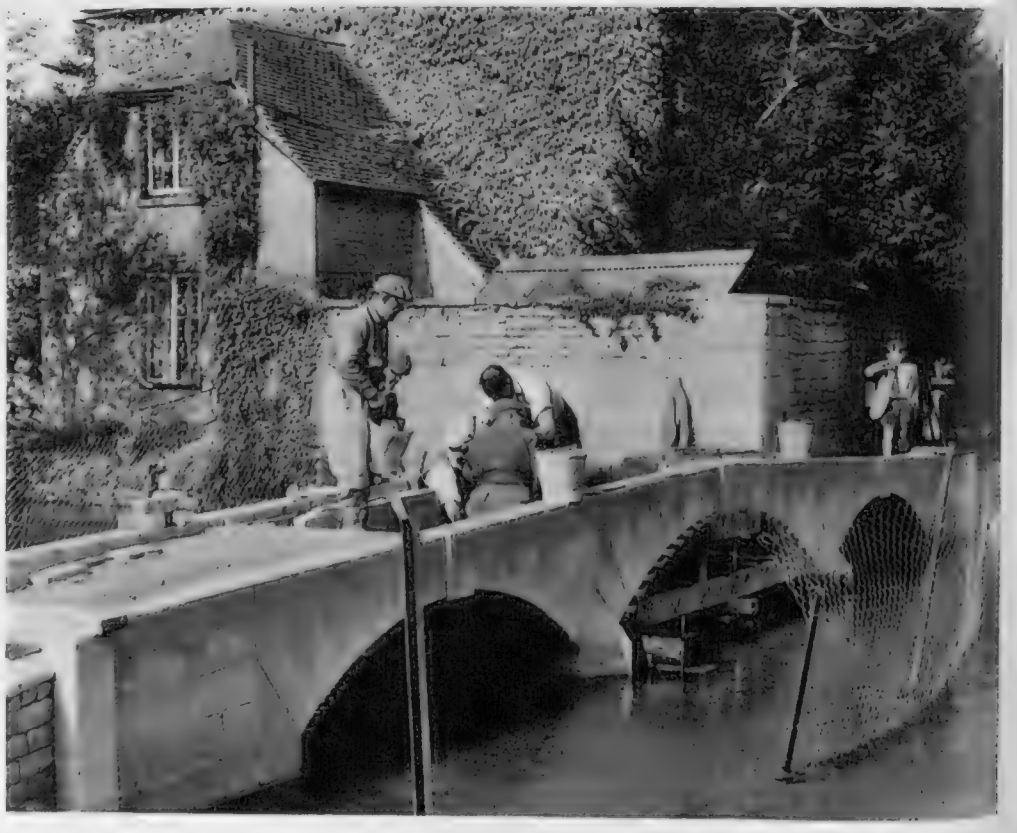
THE WELL-LIT INTERIOR OF THE ADULTS' ROOM IN THE NEW LIBRARY: Much of the light is coming from concealed spotlights over the shelves and from batteries of fluorescent lights in the ceiling. This room has enough shelves for 8,000 books.

PART OF THE LARGEST PUBLIC LIBRARY IN THE WORLD: The children's reading room of the American Memorial Library, which was opened recently in Berlin. The library is capable of holding 600,000 books, and was built with the aid of a generous American donation.

On left—
AT WORK ON A NEW BRIDGE FOR BOURTON-ON-THE-WATER IN GLOUCESTER: Mr. W. G. Martin, a craftsman, is seen at work on a new footbridge.

On right—
A GENERAL VIEW OF THE NEW FOOTBRIDGE OVER THE RIVER WINDRUSH: The river is spanned at intervals by a series of low footbridges, and the one seen in this picture is being built to match the four that are already there.

THE IMPOSING EXTERIOR OF THE AMERICAN MEMORIAL LIBRARY IN BERLIN: The library, which is only a few hundred yards from the Soviet Sector, was opened by Dr. Schreiber, the Mayor of West Berlin, and it was built as a tribute from Americans to the spirit of Berliners during the Soviet blockade in 1948 and 1949. The opening ceremony was attended by Dr. Conant, the American High Commissioner in Germany, and other high officials.



THE NEW DÉCOR FOR "PRINCESS IDA": The current season of the D'Oyly Carte Company in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas includes the first revival of *Princess Ida* since 1939. Entirely new sets and costumes have been designed by Mr. James Wade. Above is the Garden Courtyard of Castle Adamant in the Second Act, with a Daughter of the Plough on the left and two of the Girl Graduates.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN IN 1954

In the Current Season London is Seeing a New Décor for "Princess Ida." The Style of the Savoy Operas May Change when the D'Oyly Carte Copyright Expires in 1961

By JAN STEPHENS

EVERYONE knows the astonishing success-story of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, still drawing the town, after seventy years, to the Savoy Theatre, which came into being to house them, and where many of the later ones were first performed. But what is their future going to be? Will devotees still be flocking, seventy years hence, to annual London seasons at some still more splendid twenty-first-century Savoy? Or will the expiry of the copyrights in a few years' time bring first, competition, then audiences divided in their loyalties, and at long last—unthinkable as it may seem now—the extinction of a most remarkable tradition?

In 1954 these must seem very academic speculations. The present is so golden that it will occur to perhaps one in a thousand of the thousands of enthusiasts who are filling the Savoy Theatre again this season, to wonder whether it can last. If it did not, what would the social scene in Great Britain be like without these landmarks? When booking opened for the present season the rush for tickets was so great that a modest inquiry by telephone for four stalls at some one, any one, performance in the first week brought the stern reply from the box-office keeper that nothing could be arranged over the telephone, not even with the promise of a remittance to be sent round by hand at once. He added that it would really not be worth while applying by post for tickets, since there were already thousands of such applications; but if the inquirer went to the theatre in person, the queue was not at the moment inordinately long. Fortunate management, in these days of ailing theatres, to be able to dictate terms! For, seventy years after the operas first delighted an audience, there seems no diminution in their drawing power.

The operas themselves have a powerful ally in the amateur actor. Their history for many years has been bound up with what would now be called "audience participation" in its keenest form. Many of those who religiously attend the performances of the D'Oyly Carte Company, both in London and in the provinces, have themselves taken part, as amateurs, in the operas. So in their enthusiastic attention at the Savoy there is just that element of knowledgeable criticism that prevents pleasure from cloying.

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company is chary of saying precisely how many licences a year it issues for amateur productions, but it points out that in Great Britain there are hundreds of musical societies, and that most of them put on at least one Gilbert and Sullivan opera a year.

The amateur following is not confined to any one opera. *The Mikado* and *The Gondoliers* are perennial favourites, but there are apparently fashions in Gilbert and Sullivan, as in everything else, and the order of their popularity changes from year to year. Last year *The Pirates of Penzance* was the one that most amateur companies wanted to produce.

Since amateur productions pay a royalty of 10 per cent. of the gross takings, the direct advantage to the Company cannot be negligible. Yet the conditions on which licences are issued to amateurs suggest that this income is only part of the Company's concern. It is plain that the value of a unique theatrical property must be maintained. Welcome as such applications for licences must be to the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, it will grant a licence only on the understanding that the words and music are given without additions, omissions or alterations; and the issue of licences is so arranged that the amateur producer knows that no other amateur production of the work he has chosen will be given in places near by within a fortnight of his own. (When the professional company is on tour, of course, no licences are issued to amateurs in the districts to be visited for a month before and after the visit. So long as the Savoy Theatre season continues, no amateur production of Gilbert and Sullivan is allowed within twenty-five miles of London.)

EX-POLICEMAN IN THE LEAD: Thomas Round, an ex-policeman from Barrow-in-Furness, formerly with D'Oyly Carte and now with Sadler's Wells, is the guest artist who sings "Hilarion." The other guest star, Victoria Sladen, plays Princess Ida.

The effect of these very sensible regulations is not merely to protect the property of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. The barring clauses, as has been seen, also help to safeguard the amateur producer, who need not fear that his audience will be reduced because of some other imminent revival in his own territory. That, too, helps towards the good will that is an important element in keeping the tradition intact. Indeed, one realises how sensible the regulations are when one reflects that it must be a perpetual preoccupation with the Company how to strike a nice balance between popularity, which means further publicity as well as royalties, and surfeit, which might at last lead to the end of the whole concern.

For it would be foolish to assume that the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company complacently assumes that it has merely to continue as before in order to continue to succeed. Nothing stands still, and not to go forward is to go back. So that what appears to the casual onlooker only the rigid adherence to a cut-and-dried tradition is, in fact, a constant modification and adaptation of the tradition to meet changing conditions. No one has more reason than the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company to remember that in a very few years—in 1961—the copyright in Gilbert's part in the operas will expire, as that in Sullivan's part has already expired. Then it is just conceivable some other theatrical manager will come along with new ways of presenting the operas. The Company's business is therefore to see that, in the meantime, all the pieces in the repertory are polished and re-polished beyond all reasonable chance of improvement by other hands.

This is not, of course, to say that the Company has ever put on a production the quality of which it has had cause to doubt. But in continual performance and continual repetition there is always some risk of becoming mechanical and

(Continued on following pages)

"WARLIKE IRONMONGERY": The fight between the Princes and the Knights at the climax of the Third Act. Left to right—Arac (Donald Adams), Hilarion (Thomas Round), Scynthius (Trevor Hills), Cyril (Leonard Osborn), Guron (John Banks) and Florian (Jeffrey Stitch).

On left—
"HAVE MERCY, LADY": Hilarion appeals to the hard-hearted Princess Ida, who "knows not mercy," at the deception he has played on her. The leading players in two of James Wade's new costumes at the Savoy Theatre.

On right—
"SUCH A DISAGREEABLE MAN": Peter Pratt as Princess Ida's father, the cross King Gama, who everybody says is such a disagreeable man, and he "can't think why."

"RELEASE HILARION AND BE HIS BRIDE": The setting of King Hildebrand's command to the Princess shows some of the magnificence of the new décor for the D'Oyly Carte revival of *Princess Ida*. The producer aims at the dreamlike mood and romantic atmosphere of Tennyson's "Princess," on which Gilbert based his satire.

THE COSTUMES FOR THE CURRENT REVIVAL OF "PRINCE... sketched by Wilhelm in 1883 in his costumes for... *Princess Ida* was redesigned in 1922, but the cost...

GILBERT AND SUL...

perhaps perfunctory. It is a good thing not only re-dress a classic every now and then, but also to stage it. Since the war the Company has pr... *Ruddigore* with new scenery and costumes and *The M...* with new scenery, and this season is no doubt alre... memorable for the entirely new production of *Pri... Ida*, which has not been performed by the professio... company since July 1939.

Princess Ida last had new designs in 1922, and it... be that, but for the accident of war, there might h... been no great urgency even now, on purely visual grou... to supersede them. But in one of the early air raids... the scenery and costumes were destroyed, and w... the time came at last to revive the piece it seemed... Miss Bridget D'Oyly Carte a suitable opportunity... put on a new production that would be in no sens... reconstruction of the old. Mr. Robert Gibson, ... present producer, has been still more ambitious. ... aim of this revival has been nothing less than the recov... of the mood of the fabulous dreamlike poem by Tenny... on which the opera is based.

The new scenery and costumes have been m... romantically beautiful than the old ones, and the atten... of the audience has been directed, wherever possi... to the songs, and their often charming and tender wo... rather than to the humorous dialogue, characteristi... the somewhat heavy-handed humour of the '70's ... which Gilbert's original play belongs.

But as a conscientious producer Mr. Gibson has ... merely to deal with the opera in its final shape, but ... with the short play of Gilbert's on which it was base... and with its source in the long poem by Tennyson.

In Tennyson's "The Princess" Gilbert recognised... plot ready made. The lady who turns her back on ma... society and resolves to devote herself, in the midst... a women's college founded by herself, to the pursuit... knowledge and the development of the feminine intelle... must have seemed to the jocular '70's a promising s... of fun. At first, at any rate, that is certainly how ev... Gilbert saw Tennyson's heroine. But Tennyson had al... provided him with the whole machinery of a comic pl... There was the prince betrothed in childhood to t... defaulting lady; there were the three young men disgu... as girls in order to pass the closely-guarded gates of t... feminist retreat; there were the lady's three brothers ... complete the unity so necessary to farce; there were ev... a cross king and a good-natured one; and in the jeal... of the princess's middle-aged companion there w... obviously heaven-sent fun of a sort very much to t... popular taste of the time.

Working alone, and borrowing from various compos... the music for his occasional interpolated songs, Gilb... brought out in 1870 what he called his "respect...

CONTRASTED WITH THEIR ORIGINALS OF SEVENTY YEARS AGO: *Above* are some of the new dresses devised by Mr. James Wade for 1954, and *below* the same characters iginal production in the following year. From left to right—Hilarion, Princess Ida, King Hildebrand, Lady Blanche and King Gama. George Grossmith played the first Gama. nd scenery were destroyed by enemy bombing during the war. In the plans for the revival, Mr. Wade was not allowed to see the designs for previous décors of the opera.

IVAN IN 1954 *(Continued)*

per-version " of the poem. Like the poem, the travesty was called *The Princess*. It was produced at the old Olympic Theatre, and, as though it were not already farcical enough, the young men in it were played by young ladies. *The Princess* came, it succeeded, it passed away.

Fourteen years later *Princess Ida* arrived. In this the connection with Tennyson is no longer simple and direct, but complicated and devious. In the plot, Gilbert frugally made use of as much as possible of his burlesque. The work is now in three acts—*Princess Ida*, alone among the Savoy operas, has more than two—but, if we are to go by the plot alone, the general attitude is much the same. There are the same passages of extravagant humour, sometimes in the identical words of 1870, which convulsed audiences at the Olympic Theatre. To appreciate some of them even the fervent admirer of Gilbert must call upon a " sense of period "—for instance, in the account of the marriage of the infants before the opera opens. There is the same rather hearty fun at the expense of the aspirations of women, which was already beginning to date a little when the opera was first performed in 1885.

But the lyrics are not only new in fact, they are also entirely new in spirit. The older Gilbert, too frugal to abandon material so much of which could conveniently be used again, had, nevertheless, gone back to it with very different notions of what would tell in a theatre. Perhaps, too, he felt a belated regret for his previous coarsening of a charming and touching poem which had been, as it happened, far ahead of its time. Whatever the reason—and the influence of Sullivan may have had something to do with it—the piece as we know it contains some of Gilbert's most skilful and delightful lyrics.

Princess Ida's song in the third act, for example, "I built upon a rock," with its reproachful refrain, is an immeasurable advance on anything in the earlier piece. So, too, is Hilarion's lament in Act II,

> " Whom thou has chained must wear his chain,
> Thou canst not set him free,
> He wrestles with his bonds in vain
> Who lives by loving thee ! "

That is lyrical in much more than the technical sense of the word. Even Cyril's " kissing song," in the same act, which discovers to the ladies the masquerade of Prince Hilarion and his friends, is charming.

This aspect of the opera, which may be called Gilbert's second thoughts on Tennyson, has been emphasised in the new production. In recruiting the services of Mr. James Wade as his designer, Mr. Gibson has gone the right way about it. For Mr. Wade, like such other designers of to-day as Mr. Loudon Sainthill, understands our craving, in a functional and not particularly lovely age, for a romantic and faery beauty. And in *Princess Ida* he has been given a free hand. So far from being required to adhere to the traditional, he has not even been allowed to see the designs for the previous productions. As for the production as such, Mr. Gibson has sought to cut out what one calls " dead wood," the accretion of minor stage " business," not strictly relevant to the opera, which grew naturally out of the personality of previous performers, but does not necessarily suit the personalities of their successors. What is obviously excellent in the tradition has been retained, as it ought to have been, and the beat of the music must often dictate the kind of actions that best accompany it.

One of the great interests in the revival for every intelligent visitor to the Savoy Theatre during *Princess Ida* has been to see how far Mr. Gibson has been successful in combining what may well appear the irreconcilable qualities of Gilbert and Tennyson. If Gilbert's concession is the increased sensibility to be found in the lyrics written for the work in its final form, there is a hint in Tennyson of concessions on his part, too. In a letter to his Canadian editor, Tennyson wrote of his poem : " You have seen amongst other things that if women were ever to play such freaks, the burlesque and the tragic might go hand in hand . . ."

But whatever we think of this revival, its production is an important testimony to the determination of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company not to be left behind when others may eventually decide to put on the operas in the professional theatre. The gradual recruitment of a younger company should itself be invigorating. The inclusion of new singers who have already made a name for themselves in the wider operatic field, such as Miss Victoria Sladen and Mr. Thomas Round, the leading players in *Princess Ida*, may discover even new pleasures in Sullivan's music.

THE NEW SCENERY FOR "THE MIKADO": This is another of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas for which new sets have been devised. The artist is Mr. Peter Goffin, and they are intended as a more flexible and effective background to the traditional costumes of Charles Ricketts. Above is the scene for Ko-Ko's Garden in Act II.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN IN 1954

—concluded

"RUDDIGORE" HAS A "NEW LOOK": Since the war this opera has been provided with new costumes and new scenery. Mad Margaret is played by Joyce Wright, who in the last three years has been seen all over the country in the soubrette parts of the operas, such as *Iolanthe*, Pitti-Sing in *The Mikado*, Tessa in *The Gondoliers*, and Phoebe in *The Yeomen of the Guard*.

"IOLANTHE"—NEW AND OLD STYLES: *On the left* is the design for the fairy dresses in this year's production of *Iolanthe*, which are the work of a young art student, Miss Pat Freeborn. *On the right* is an earlier Savoy fairy's "fashion most entrancing," designed by George Sheringham in 1932.

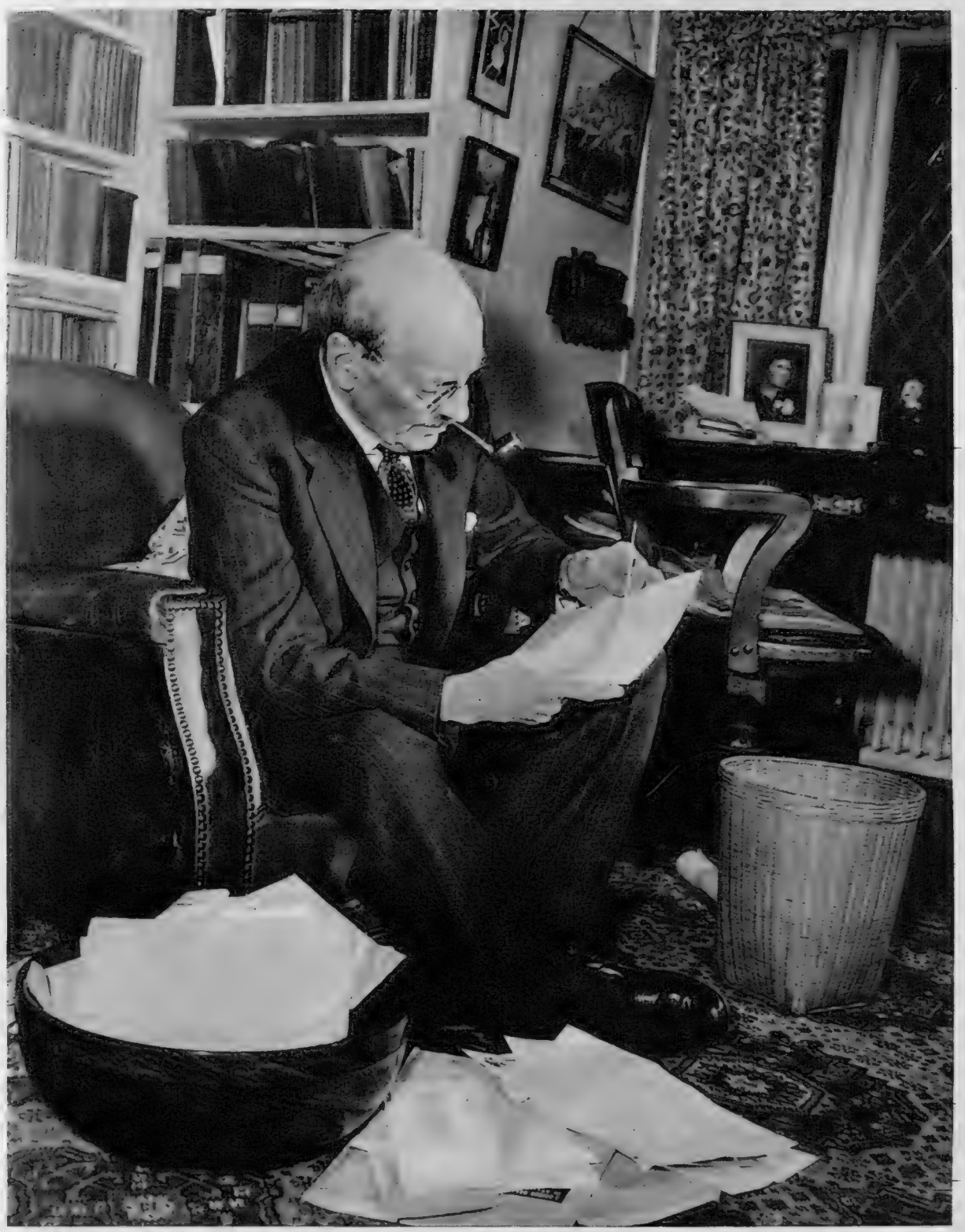
"TRIAL BY JURY"—"AND A GOOD JUDGE, TOO": Fisher Morgan sings the bass-baritone role in this one-act curtain-raiser. This year *Trial by Jury* is being given with *The Pirates of Penzance*.

"THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD": The finale of Act I on Tower Green. The Headsman stands grimly with his axe behind the block. In the right-hand corner Elsie Maynard has fainted into Colonel Fairfax's arms. With its strong strain of pathos, *The Yeomen* is an almost serious opera.

"PATIENCE"—GILBERT'S MOST CUTTING SATIRE: Ann Drummond-Grant plays Lady Jane. In *Patience*, Gilbert ridiculed Oscar Wilde and the Æsthetes. Miss Drummond-Grant joined D'Oyly Carte in 1933.

"IS LIFE A BOON?": Colonel Fairfax's ballad in *The Yeomen of the Guard* has one of the most charming and best known of Sullivan's melodies. Leonard Osborn plays Fairfax in this year's Savoy production.

"H.M.S. PINAFORE," WITH DICK DEADEYE ON DECK: This is one of the parts sung by Donald Adams, who has succeeded the late Darrell Fancourt in all the principal bass-baritone roles in the D'Oyly Carte Company.



BACK IN HIS BUCKINGHAMSHIRE HOME : At Great Missenden Mr. Clement Attlee has donned his slippers and sits in a comfortable armchair as he gets down to the task of sorting out his mail, which has accumulated during his six-week absence in the Far East and in Australasia.

LABOUR LEADERS MEET IN SYDNEY : Mr. Attlee listening to Dr. H. V. Evatt, the Australian leader of the Opposition, at a civic reception for Mr. Attlee, which was held at Sydney Town Hall shortly before he returned to Britain.

MR. ATTLEE'S RETURN

The End of the Far Eastern and Australian Visits of the Leader of the Labour Party

HOME FROM CANADA : Mr. Attlee arriving at London Airport. He is followed from the aircraft by his wife, who met him in Singapore.

Mr. Attlee, accompanied by Mrs. Attlee, arrived at London Airport last week after spending six eventful weeks in Russia, China, Australia and New Zealand. Mrs. Attlee had gone to Singapore to meet her husband, and they returned to London together after visiting Canada. On his arrival, Mr. Attlee said that he thought there had been a relaxation of tension after Geneva, and that the visit of the Labour Party delegation had assisted that. On the topic of Formosa, Mr. Attlee said that, in his personal opinion, "the sooner we get rid of Chiang Kai-shek and his troops the better it will be." At the annual conference of the Labour Party, which opened at Scarborough on Monday, Mr. Attlee made the first official statement on the controversial visit of the Party's delegation to Communist China.

KISSES AT THE AIRPORT : At left, Mrs. Attlee is greeted by her daughter Felicity, while Mr. Attlee is seen attempting to kiss his nineteen-month-old granddaughter Jennifer.

FAMILY REUNION : Mr. and Mrs. Attlee renewing their acquaintance with Jennifer Davis, their granddaughter; at right is Miss Felicity Attlee. The baby burst into tears and howled as Mr. Attlee took her in his arms, but she soon calmed down. From the airport Mr. Attlee drove straight to his Great Missenden home

EUROPE'S LARGEST SUSPENSION BRIDGE

THE RHINE BRIDGE WHICH IS TO LINK AN AUTOBAHN NEAR COLOGNE: The new suspension bridge over the Rhine near Cologne is now nearly completed, and is due to be opened to traffic in December. Said to be the biggest in Europe, it will link the Hanover-Cologne-Dusseldorf-Frankfurt Autobahn with the International Highway to Holland and Belgium. The bridge, which has four lanes, is 1,858 ft. long, and its middle section across the river is some 1,240 ft. in length.

A SEAGULL MAKES AN EMERGENCY HALT IN MID-AIR

A REMARKABLE PICTURE OF THE GULL AS IT SEES FOOD: During the flight of this seagull a titbit suddenly came into view. Immediately all the bird's emergency brakes operated as it froze in mid-air to pick up its meal. Up went the wings, down came the webbed feet, and out went the tail feathers.

MOVING UP FOR "BATTLE ROYAL"

AMERICA'S ATOM GUNS ON THEIR WAY TO THE MANŒUVRES IN GERMANY: The convoy of huge cannons making its way slowly along the autobahn between Duisburg and Dusseldorf. The American 280 mm. atom guns each weigh 85 tons. On the move, each gun is carried suspended by two engine cabs, at front and rear, with a system of communication between them. The guns took part in Exercise "Battle Royal," the largest military manœuvres staged in Europe since the war, in which 140,000 troops from five nations took part. The cannons, which have a range of 20 miles, were ready to fire within twenty minutes of stopping at their selected positions.

REPRIEVED HORSE WINS AT SHOW

THE ALTRINCHAM WINNER WHO HAD BEEN SAVED FROM THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE: Mrs. Joan Reason with Blue Cross, who is owned by Mr. W. Dermody. Blue Cross was the winner of the Decorated Horse Class at this year's Altrincham Agricultural Show. Only six months before he had been saved from the slaughter-house by Our Dumb Friends' League (The Blue Cross), many of whose medallions are seen adorning the horse's harness.

A CLIPPER PREPARES for her LAST TRIP

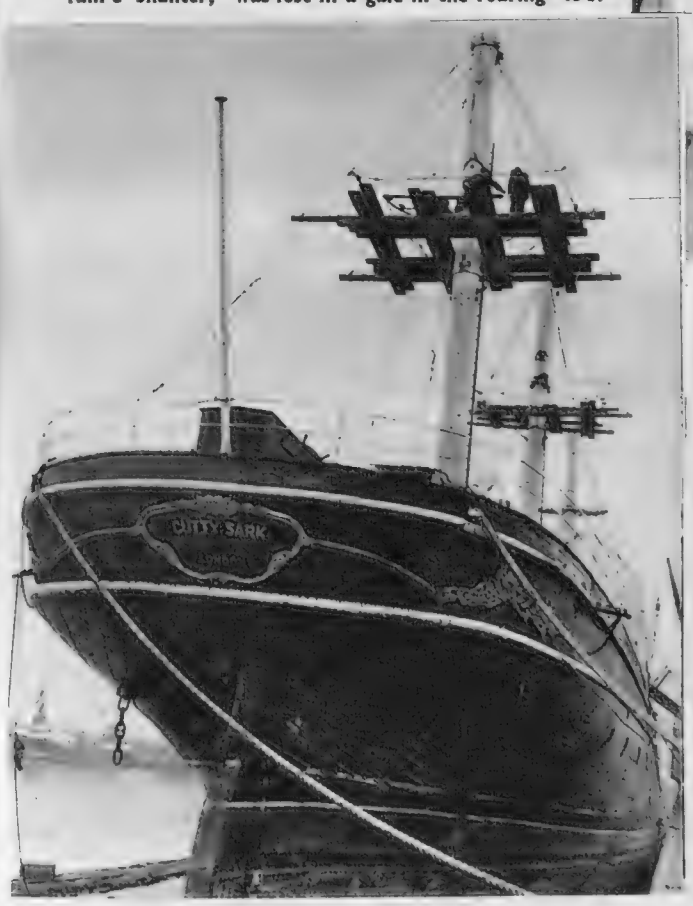
Craftsmen at Work on the "Cutty Sark" as they make ready for her Trip to Greenwich

On left—

THE "CUTTY SARK" PREPARES FOR HER LAST VOYAGE: The last of the tea clippers is seen at Millwall Docks, where workmen are preparing her for her final voyage to a specially prepared dry-dock near the Royal Naval College at Greenwich. The foundation-stone of this dry-dock was laid last June by the Duke of Edinburgh, who is also the patron of the Preservation Society set up to guard the interests of the ship. The *Cutty Sark* will remain at Greenwich, as a memorial, in full view of the many ships that use the great waterway.

SCAFFOLDING IS PUT AROUND THE FIGURE-HEAD AS WORKMEN MAKE REPAIRS: The original figure-head, which was known as "Nannie," the beautiful witch in Burns's poem "Tam o' Shanter," was lost in a gale in the roaring '40's.

THE PORT SIDE OF THE "CUTTY SARK'S" DECK LOOKING FORWARD: This picture illustrates the degree of decay which had set in before steps were taken to preserve the ship. The *Cutty Sark* is of composite construction—that is that she is built of wood over an iron framework. Her tonnage is 921 and her length is 212 ft.



On left—

THE REGISTRATION AT THE STERN OF THE OLD CLIPPER: The ship was built in the days when sail was at last giving way to steam and from the start she was dogged by ill-luck but, finally, under the famous Captain Woodget, she fulfilled the promise of her design and became one of the fastest of the wool clippers.

On right—

LOOKING DOWN ON THE DECK FROM ONE OF THE MASTS: When fully-rigged, the *Cutty Sark* measured nearly 146 ft. from the deck to the truck of the mainmast. But the most noticeable feature about the ship in her young days and as she is now is her beautiful proportions, which are still admired by seamen.

EXCAVATIONS AND PRESERVATIONS

Famous and Historic Buildings England Which are Now in the Ne

LONDONERS SEE WHERE THE ROMANS WORSHIPPED—GREAT CROWDS OF SIGHTSEERS QUEUE UP TO SEE THE REMAINS OF THE ROMAN TEMPLE UNCOVERED NEAR THE MANSION HOUSE: This was the scene when the remains of the temple were opened to the public shortly before a start was to be made on building an office block on the site.

The discovery of the Roman temple on a building site by Walbrook, near the Mansion House, which was made nearly two years ago, has now blossomed out into one of the major archæological finds of the century in London, and it is not surprising that many protests have been made because the site must be built over and cannot be preserved. The company responsible for the erection of Bucklersbury House, which is to be built there, have already given the archæologists much help in their work, and recently granted them a short extension to their lease so that they could complete their search of the area and make a plan of the temple. Suggestions have been made that the site of the temple should be arched over and preserved in the basement of the new building but, as has been pointed out, the soft nature of the soil there precludes this.

By far the most important find, apart from the temple itself, was the head of Mithras, which proved that the temple was used by members of the Mithraic cult. This discovery ties in with one made at the end of the last century, of a slab showing Mithras slaying the bull, from whose body sprang all the plants and animals beneficial to mankind.

Londoners have shown a great interest in the temple, and last week, when it was open to the public during the evenings, thousands of people queued up to see the remains.

THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS OF THE GOD MITHRAS, TO WHOM THE TEMPLE WAS DEDICATED: On left—[illegible] view of the head shortly after it had been unear[illegible] The head only was found at first, and then, a few day[illegible] workmen unearthed a piece of white marble which was [illegible] to fit perfectly below the head, to form the neck and [illegible] the shoulders. It is believed that this bust was part [illegible] size statue of the god, who was known as the defende[illegible] truth. The worship of the god Mithras spread [illegible] throughout the Roman Empire and was observed in al[illegible]

THE TOWN MUSEUM OF SHOREHAM IS NOW SCHEDULED AS AN ANCIENT MONUMENT: This is the quaint old house known as the Marlipins, and which stands at the junction of Middle Street and High Street. The building, which is two storeys high, shows work of two periods: a window on the east wall is of the Norman period, while other parts, including a doorway and a small window on the south wall, are of the Decorated period of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Most of the front of the building is of Caen stone and knapped flint arranged in a chequered pattern. It is not known what function the building played when first erected, but there are two theories: the first is that it was used as a store-house for wine or wool, and the second, more likely theory is that it was a toll-house where harbour taxes and other dues were collected.

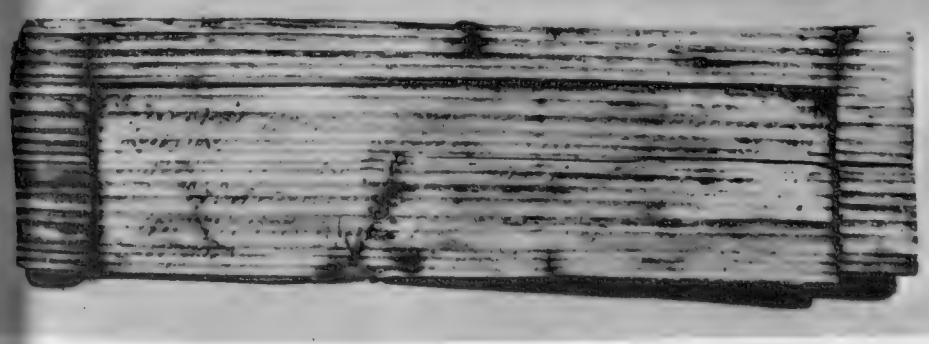
A PIGEON-HOUSE AT BEDDINGTON, SURREY, IS [illegible] BY THE MINISTRY OF HOUSING AND LOCAL GO[illegible] This means that the owners of the pigeon-house, Beddington Borough Council, cannot carry out alterations to the building, which is already [illegible] ancient monument, without giving advance [illegible] to the Ministry. The pigeon-house was built [illegible] eighteenth century and is now used as a [illegible]

KENILWORTH CASTLE RECEIVES ATTENTION BY THE MINISTRY OF WORKS: A view of the ancient fortress in Warwickshire, where preservation work is now in progress; this includes the general preservation of masonry, with consolidation of the walls of the Great Hall and the late-fourteenth-century curtain walls. 5,000 people have visited the castle during the past year.

THE SITE OF A GREAT DISCOVERY: The excavation site at Chew Stoke, in Somerset, where the earliest examples of ink writing ever to be found in this country have been discovered. This view shows the intersecting system of drainage trenches of various periods (Bronze Age—Iron Age).

Among the many objects recovered during a Ministry of Works "rescue" excavation carried out at Chew Stoke, in Somerset, are the earliest examples of ink writing ever to be found in this country. They are parts of two or three wooden writing tablets with ink inscriptions of the third century A.D., which were recovered from the well of a Roman villa. One of these tablets has been examined by Professor E. G. Turner, of University College, London, and he has dated the six-line Latin inscription on the basis of comparative material; the bulk of earlier inscriptions surviving in this country were cut in stone. The date of the well itself, 30 ft. deep, which is indicated by four coins found near the bottom, is about the end of the third century. A detailed analysis of the pottery recovered from it has yet to be done; but as there seems to be little stylistic change, it is concluded that the well was out of use early in the fourth century.

The excavations have had to be undertaken at short notice, as the site forms part of the valley destined by the Bristol Waterworks Company to become a new reservoir. Work started in July 1953, when the valley had already been closed, and by March the site had become an island. In view of this the excavation was speeded up and a 50-ton scraper was used. This machine, capable of cutting a strip 100 ft. long, 10 ft. wide and 2 ft. deep in half-an-hour, revealed the whole setting of the Roman villa. This was found to have a system of land drainage ditches extending for a quarter-of-a-mile in all directions. Further excavation brought to light evidence of settlement in the Early Bronze Age, through the Iron Age and the whole of the Roman period, and again in medieval times. The villa, an unpretentious building, had no rich mosaics or signs of other luxuries. It had probably been inhabited until the end of the fourth century.



BRITAIN'S EARLIEST EXAMPLE OF INK WRITING: This is an infra-red photograph of the wooden writing tablet, showing the ink inscriptions, probably dating back to the third century A.D.

KENILWORTH'S RUINS IN SPLINTS: The ruins of the castle are among the most considerable of their kind. Kenilworth Castle, which still makes an imposing sight despite its great age, was traditionally founded by Geoffrey de Clinton, Chamberlain and Treasurer to King Henry I, between 1120-25. It is most probable that the castle then built was an earth-and-timber fortress of the motte-and-bailey type. The earliest masonry building on the site was the keep, with a curtain wall enclosing the inner bailey. This was probably the work of Geoffrey de Clinton the Younger, or of his son Henry, and was carried out between c. 1160 and 1180. Between 1203 and 1216 King John strengthened the site with a new outer curtain wall with towers. During the Barons' War it fell to Henry III after a six-months siege. With the exception of the keep, the castle was practically rebuilt by John of Gaunt, Edward III's fourth son, who came into possession of Kenilworth in 1361. Extensive alterations were also carried out by the Earl of Leicester from 1568 onwards. The castle eventually passed into the possession of the Earls of Clarendon; but this did not take place until after much of it had been dismantled. In 1937 the 6th Earl sold the castle to Sir John Siddeley (later Lord Kenilworth), who handed it over to the guardianship of the Commissioners of H.M. Works.

RECONSTRUCTING A KENTISH ABBEY: Two tiers of stone seating, last used more than 450 years ago, which have been reconstructed, stone by stone, by archæologists and craftsmen on the site of the ancient Chapter House of Lesnes Abbey, at Abbey Wood. The excavation and rebuilding has been financed by the London County Council since they acquired the site in 1930. The work is under the direction of Mr. F. G. Elliston-Erwood, chairman of the Woolwich Antiquarian Society; he first began to explore the site as an assistant to the late Sir Alfred Clapham forty-five years ago. The rebuilding of the chapter house and seating has presented an intriguing problem, because almost as soon as a fresh section of wall was uncovered it fell. Lesnes Abbey was founded in the thirteenth century by Baron de Lucy. It was suppressed in 1525.

THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S AUTUMN SHOW OF FLOWERS AND PLANTS AT OLYMPIA: A general view of the Show, with visitors inspecting the magnificent array of blooms. *On right*—Looking down on the cactus stand—one of the most popular exhibits. This was the first Autumn Show to be held by the Horticultural Society in fifteen years, and it has proved to be a success in every way—both in the number and standard of exhibits and also in the number of visitors who attended. The more conventional flowers, such as dahlias, chrysanthemums, gladioli and carnations, were displayed lavishly, as were many rarer, but equally beautiful flowers and shrubs. The Show was notable for the standard of the cacti, and some specimens reached to over 3 ft. in height. As well as the flowers and the shrubs, many exhibits were of fruit trees, and the choice Muscat grapes and the magnificent pears shown by Mr. J. Wyndham, of Petworth, illustrated that there are some in England who still know the art of producing superlative fruits. Many remarkable vegetables were also shown.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURE

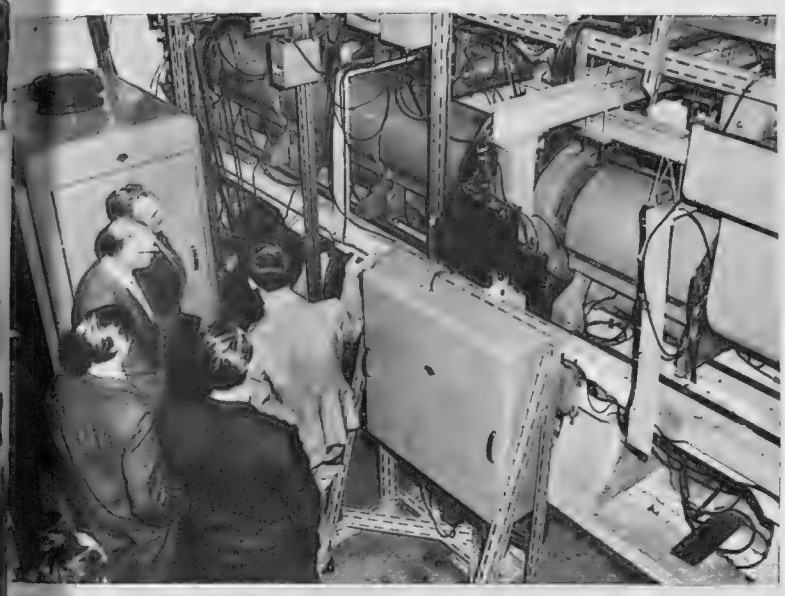
A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF RECENT EVEN IN LONDON AND ELSEWHERE

REBUILDING LONDON IN THE SHADOW OF ST. PAUL'S: This is a general view of the area east of the cathedral where much rebuilding work is now taking place. What was once a barren expanse of rubble-filled basements has been transformed into a scene of much activity. Before the building contractors moved in to start their work, there were many complaints that the ruins were an eyesore and that rebuilding had been too long delayed, but now the complaints tend to bemoan the fact that St. Paul's, when once again enshrouded by other buildings, will lose the prominence it enjoys at the moment.

STUDYING ANGLO-GERMAN RELATIONS IN THE HEART OF T ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE: A scene in the library of Wis House, at Steyning, in Sussex, where a group of Germans discussing Anglo-German relations. Sitting, from left ar H. Kalbe, who comes from Darmstadt; R. D. J. Gibson, of the English tutors; E. Gerrich, from Brunswick; J. Abdorf, Ludwigshaven; J. Schneider; and W. Diel, from Niederlahnstei These Germans are on a course at Wiston House, which is r and paid for by the Foreign Office. The courses last from fo to six weeks, and take the form of discussions and lectures the problems which are common to this country and Germa

Below—

ANOTHER DISCUSSION GROUP MEETS IN THE DEAN'S STUDY: Th Dean of the school, Mr. G. H. D. Greene, is seen fourth fro the left. The Warden is Dr. Heinz Koeppler, who ca to this country in 1932 and became a naturalised citize



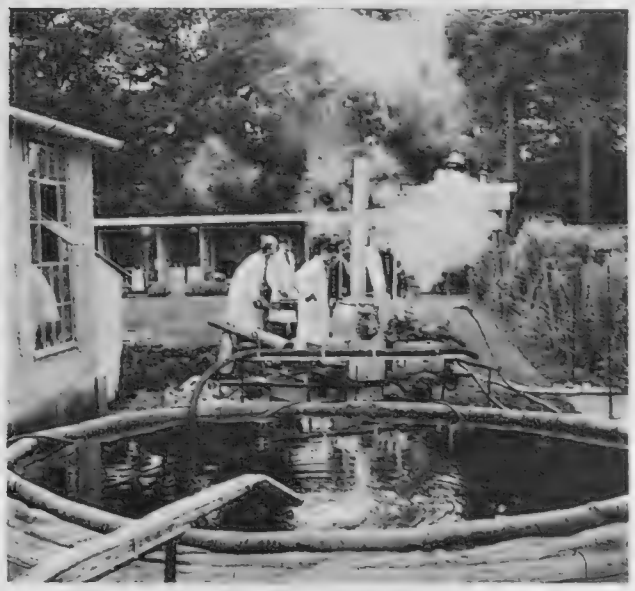
ELECTRICAL RESEARCH EQUIPMENT WHICH IS TO BE INSTALLED AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL IN LONDON : This is a view of the electron gun end of the 15,000,000 electron volt travelling wave linear accelerator seen at the research laboratories of its makers, Mullard Limited, at Salfords, in Surrey. The accelerator is the source of X-rays at least four times as intense as any at present used in medical work. It will be used at first for research work on the action of these rays on human tissues, and later it is hoped that it will be used in the relief of cancer.

THE SOLEMN RECEPTION AT WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL OF THE NEW APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO GREAT BRITAIN : Archbishop Gerald O'Hara, of Savannah, Atlanta, seen at the throne during the ceremony, when he was welcomed by the Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of England and Wales. The Delegate was received at the Cathedral's West door, and the Bull of Appointment was read from the altar steps. After the Archbishop's address he sang Pontifical High Mass. Leading the Bishops in the reception was Cardinal Griffin, and acting as Gentleman to the Delegate was Lord Sempill.

KEEPING THE GRAIN INDOORS : Lord and Lady Clifford of Chudleigh are seen examining the golden carpet of grain which is being stored in their mansion at Ugbrooke Park, at Chudleigh, in Devon. Like many other farmers this year, Lord Clifford experienced great difficulty in getting his grain dried, and as all other storage space had been taken up, he used his house.

THE BURNT-OUT WRECKAGE OF THE YORK TRANSPORT FROM WHICH ALL ABOARD ESCAPED : The accident occurred as the aircraft was taking off from Stansted Airfield, in Essex, on a flight to Fayid, in Egypt. The York had just become airborne, and was only about 2 ft. off the ground, when two of the engines failed. It fell on to its side and immediately burst into flames. The credit for the fact that no one was killed in the crash rested entirely between the sergeant in charge of the forty-five soldiers, the hostess and the pilot of the aircraft. As soon as the plane had crashed, Lance-Sergeant Harris, of the Welsh Guards, opened the rear exit door, which can be seen in the picture above, and with the help of the hostess and the pilot shepherded the troops out.

AN ANCIENT SHIRE HALL IS BEING DECORATED : A view of the Shire Hall in Northgate Street, Warwick, the interior of which is now being redecorated. The building was designed by Sanderson Miller, and was built by local craftsmen in 1756. Under the courtyard a judicial dungeon, which was built in the year 1680, is preserved, and this is claimed to be the grimmest reminder of ancient prison life to be seen in this country to-day. The interior redecorations now taking place at the Shire Hall are intended both to improve the appearance of the many rooms and also to preserve some of the ornamental ceilings.



A MULTI-PURPOSE MACHINE WHICH IS PLANNED FOR USE IN UNDEVELOPED AREAS : A picture showing the Ricardo Steam-operated Prime Mover being used for water irrigation, with wood being burnt as fuel. As well as irrigation, this machine can be used for a large variety of other purposes, including the generation of electricity. It is mounted on a trailer, is easily transportable, and as fuel it will burn low-grade coal, lignite, peat, wood and industrial waste.

DRAMA and OPERA

"Separate Tables" at the St. James's; "Nelson" at Sadler's Wells; "Hedda Gabler" at Hammersmith

Terence Rattigan, in his two new playlets at the St. James's Theatre, gives his leading players the much-prized opportunity to act two distinct characterisations in the same evening. In *The Window Table*, Margaret Leighton (playing prose drama on the stage for the first time in five years) has the part of a beautiful ex-mannequin, while Eric Portman plays a drunken ex-Labour M.P., whose rise to political fame has ended in degradation. In the second play, *Table No. 7*, Miss Leighton becomes an inhibited girl, dominated by her mother; Mr. Portman, a man posing as an Army major, who has been convicted of insulting behaviour to women in a cinema. The plays are directed by Peter Glenville and presented by Stephen Mitchell, who were also responsible for Terence Rattigan's last two-play production, *Playbill*, in 1948.

"THE WINDOW TABLE": Margaret Leighton and Eric Portman in the first of Terence Rattigan's two new plays under the general title of *Separate Tables* at the St. James's Theatre. In it, Miss Leighton plays a sophisticated ex-mannequin, and Mr. Portman a drink-sodden ex-Labour M.P.

"TABLE NO. 7": From left to right in the second playlet of Mr. Rattigan's double bill are Margaret Leighton (as a girl dominated by her mother), Phyllis Neilson-Terry, and Eric Portman (as a bogus major); behind are Aubrey Mather, May Hallatt and Marian Fawcett.

LORD NELSON AND LADY HAMILTON: Robert Thomas and Victoria Elliott in Lennox Berkeley's new opera at Sadler's Wells, for which Alan Pryce-Jones has written the libretto. It was Carola Oman's study of Nelson which inspired Lennox Berkeley to compose his first full-scale opera. It has as its theme Nelson's struggle between love and duty. Alan Pryce-Jones has written the libretto in three acts and six scenes. With intervals for other compositions, the opera has taken four years to complete. Lennox Berkeley had a highly successful performance of his chamber opera, *A Dinner Engagement*, at the Aldeburgh Festival this year, and this work will also be heard at the Sadler's Wells theatre this month.

"HEDDA GABLER" AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH: Rachel Kempson as Mrs. Elvsted, Peggy Ashcroft as Hedda, and George Devine as George Tesman, in Max Faber's new adaptation of Henrik Ibsen's great tragedy.

HEDDA MEETS HER FORMER LOVER: Lovborg (Alan Badel), the libertine who has become a reformed character with the help of Mrs. Elvsted (left, Rachel Kempson), is yet another disturbing influence in the life of Hedda (centre, Peggy Ashcroft), now married to the bookish and kindly George Tesman.

In Max Faber's adaptation of Henrik Ibsen's powerful story of a cold, inhibited, domineering woman, the stilted dialogue of former translations has been avoided without loss of a sense of period. Peggy Ashcroft brilliantly interprets the exacting role of Hedda, whose actions can so easily seem fantastic if the character is not convincingly portrayed. From her first entrance she dominates the stage as Hedda dominates her amiable, studious husband, George Tesman. Ibsen's story of a woman's fierce, thwarted spirit is all the more intense in that Hedda lives in so small and unimportant a community; that her violence must find release on gentle, ordinary people in her little world on the outskirts of Christiana. It is not until the ill-starred Lovborg returns, that she finds a more substantial outlet for her need to destroy. Lovborg, a drunken libertine when he was in love with Hedda, has come under the reforming influence of Thea Elvsted; has written one successful book and completed another. Hedda wastes no time in taunting him to indulge in a drinking bout; and, when she comes into possession of his new manuscript, she burns it and Lovborg is killed in "ludicrous" circumstances. George Tesman, shocked at last into the revelation of at least part of his wife's character, sets about the task of re-writing Lovborg's masterpiece and Hedda, seeing her last attempt thwarted, uses her pistol on herself.

Missouri's Prison Riot

300 Convicts Set Light to the State Penitentiary in one of the Most Spectacular Riots in the United States for Years

Even by American standards the prison riot in the Missouri State Penitentiary at Jefferson City must be described as spectacular. It began when about twenty desperate and incorrigible convicts in the solitary confinement section of the prison somehow got together and massed for a break-out. A yelling mob of these and other convicts, altogether some 300 out of 3,285 convicts, poured into the main prison yard, and began to set light to the prison buildings. The school, the clothing factory, a chapel and a power-house were among the buildings destroyed by fire. Some of the prisoners were reported to be armed, but this was denied by the Penitentiary's warden. Immediately the scale of the riot had been gauged the Governor of Missouri, Mr. P. M. Donnelly, called out 500 National Guardsmen, who were reinforced by 250 State troopers and 100 police. Shots were exchanged between the troops and the prisoners, and it was more than six hours before the riot was finally put down. The tally of casualties was four prisoners killed and thirty injured, as well as three warders seriously injured. Many of the prisoners had refused to take part in the riots and asked to be locked in their cells, and no prisoners actually got beyond the prison walls.

THE SCENE OF ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST SPECTACULAR PRISON RIOTS: An aerial view of the Missouri State Penitentiary in Jefferson City, where four men were killed and thirty-three injured in riots. The arrow indicates the main prison yard, where some 300 convicts massed.

THE RIOT IS BROUGHT UNDER CONTROL: A group of prisoners with their hands behind their heads watch a file of Negro prisoners, on the extreme left of the stairs, being taken back to the cells from the prison courtyard. Some of the Negro prisoners had refused to take part in the riot.

THE PENITENTIARY WAS SET ALIGHT: Four guards are seen escorting a prisoner back to his cell across the prison courtyard after the riot had been brought under control. In the background can be seen the gutted shell of the prison school, one of eight buildings which were set alight by the rioters. The damage from fire was estimated at nearly £2,000,000.

THE REMAINS OF THE PROTESTANT CHAPEL: Beyond the tangled wreckage can be seen the shell of the chapel, which was also used as the prison theatre. Rising behind it is the school building, also completely destroyed.

NON-RIOTERS GO TO THEIR EVENING MEAL: An extra guard of State police with their weapons at the ready watch a file of prisoners go to their evening meal on the day of the riots. The disturbance was caused by desperate prisoners who were held in solitary confinement.

A THRILLING SPECTACLE AT POOLE, IN DORSET—FOUR COMPETITORS IN THE OUTBOARD DINGHY RACE ROUNDING A BUOY IN A SMOTHER OF SPRAY: *Merki II* (No. 8 and seen rounding the buoy in second place in this picture), was well-handled by her driver, E. Gillam, throughout the 100-mile race, and finished in second place. This meeting was the first attempt to revive the popular sport of dinghy and runabout racing made since the end of the war, and the race at Poole proved most successful. Dinghy racing is akin to hydroplane racing, which has now been revived, but the dinghies displace water when travelling, while the hydroplanes do not.

DINGHY RACING AT POOLE

The Long and Gruelling Race for Tiny Craft which was Won by a British-designed Dinghy

By UFFA FOX

Pictures by Beken of Cowes

The 100-mile race at Poole, the first attempt to revive outboard dinghy racing, was a great success. Racers came from all over the country—London, Birmingham, the East Coast, Brighton, Portsmouth, Southampton and Bristol.

The wind, for some days, had reached gale force in the squalls, and the vast expanse of Poole Harbour was whipped into waves too large for these little racers to endure at their racing speeds of approximately 25 m.p.h. So Arthur Bray and his merry men, organising the race with the kindly help of the Poole Harbour Master, set a mile course in the narrow water off Poole Quay, where the only waves were those made by the boats themselves.

It was an exciting course, for there was a curve in it, with a buoy to round each end, and the Poole bridge to shoot twice every lap, all the boats using the centre arch, except for the most exciting moment of all when the large collier *Brent Knoll* and her tug *Wendy Ann* left their berth and steamed out of the harbour. The collier practically filled the centre arch, and the bridge had to be lifted for her. This tested the quickness of thought in the drivers of these swift little craft, and some took the northern arch on the way up and the southern arch on the way down, but some even dared drive their boats at terrific speed through the centre arch with the steamer still in it, and where they had only inches to spare between the steamer and the piles holding up the bridge.

The twenty entries were divided into five classes by engine sizes; the smallest engines, and the boats with the slowest speeds, being sent off first.

There was every kind of craft in the race, from the clinker-built dinghies, looking fairly normal, to the R.F.D. *Zodiac III*, made of rubber and formed by two inflated cylinders round the sides, ending in a pointed bow and a rubber bottom stiffened with wood, and capable of a speed of over 20 knots. (Dr. Bombard crossed the Atlantic in a sailing version of this boat), with every kind of boat in between, including American-designed racing hulls, also a lovely arrowhead-type boat, *Dilly Dee*, designed by Tim Allen, of Gorleston. This Dee-craft boat ran consistently throughout, in spite of often coming in for refuelling, and she averaged close on 25 m.p.h. for the entire course.

One of the faster boats, *Merki II*, driven by E. Gillam, of the Southern Hydroplane Club, came in second, and the sister-ship to the first boat, *Dee for Don*, came in third. This was a remarkable performance, as she lost twelve laps through having to repair her steering gear.

The success of this race will ensure that, next year, it is given international status.

THE WINNER OF THE 100-MILE RACE AT POOLE: *Dilly Dee*, seen kicking up the spray during the race. Her driver, W. St. Leech, kept the little craft at 25 knots throughout the race.

ROUNDING A MARK AT HIGH SPEED: *Dee for Don*, driven by D. E. Davey. Despite a mechanical mishap which caused her to lose 12 laps during the race, this boat, a sister-ship to the winner, put on a great turn of speed and eventually finished in third place.

A MEETING OF DESIGNERS: Tim Allen (right), the designer of the winning and third boats, is seen explaining a point to Uffa Fox (centre) and Sydney Porter, both well-known designers.

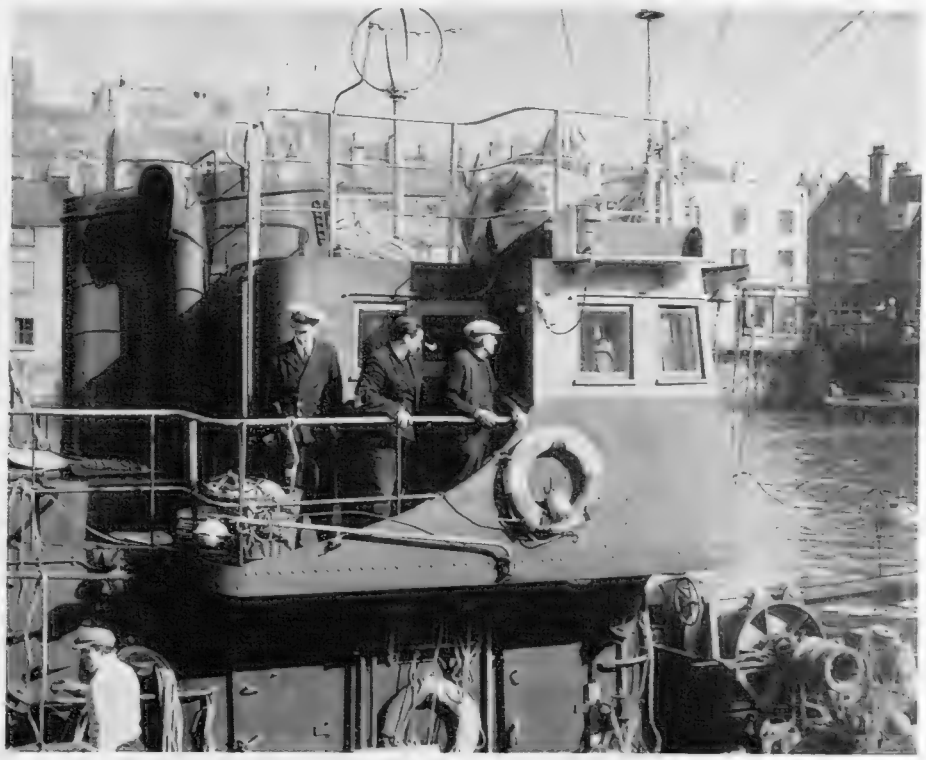
THE POLISH TRAWLER "PUSZCZYK," ON BOARD WHICH SEVEN CREW MEMBERS STAGED A MUTINY, AND LATER ASKED FOR POLITICAL ASYLUM IN THIS COUNTRY: The ship is seen at Whitby Harbour, where the seven men landed. In order to land in this country, the men locked up the captain of the ship and one by one managed to do the same with other members of the crew, including the "political officer," who was later treated for wounds said to have been inflicted during a struggle.

MUTINY ON THE "PUSZCZYK"

The Polish Trawler which Sailed into Whitby Harbour Manned by Seven Seamen who Asked for Political Asylum

The first indication that anything untoward had happened on board the *Puszczyk* was given when the trawler was seen flashing a light near Whitby Rock buoy by the crew of the fishing-boat *Provider*. The captain of the English ship went on board, and members of the crew indicated that they wished to go into the harbour. The English skipper also discovered that the Polish skipper had been locked up. Once ashore, the mutineers were taken charge of by the police, and gradually the chain of events leading up to this circumstance became known. It appears that the mutineers overpowered the captain and locked him in a cabin, and did the same to other members of the crew. One other member, described as a political officer, received head wounds during a struggle. Home Office officials travelled to Whitby to investigate the event, and finally the trawler was allowed to leave, but the seven men asking for political asylum were kept under police custody. The Polish Ambassador to this country called at the Foreign Office and said that his Government would ask for the extradition of the seven men. No decision was taken at once on whether the men should be granted asylum, as this depends on a number of factors which had to be investigated. Generally, asylum is granted when the life or liberty of a person would be in danger from political causes if he returned to his own country. A few days previously, four other seamen from two other Polish ships had sought asylum in this country.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE "PUSZCZYK" IN WHITBY HARBOUR: The trawler has now left this country manned by the remaining members of her crew. The seven mutineers were kept in custody while investigations were made.



THE CAPTAIN OF THE "PUSZCZYK" ON THE BRIDGE OF HIS SHIP: Kobryn Wiktor is seen in the centre. With him is a Customs official (left) and a Whitby dockhand.

THE SEVEN MUTINEERS APPEAR TO BE IN HIGH SPIRITS AFTER THEIR ESCAPE: In a statement, the captain of the trawler said that these men were malcontents and trouble-makers. The men said that they deserted because of the "political officer."

On left—
THE "POLITICAL OFFICER" OF THE TRAWLER "PUSZCZYK": Maciszek Franciszek is seen on board the trawler with his head bandaged. He is said to have received this injury during the struggle on the ship. He was nominally engaged as a motor man, but had a great say in the running of the ship. The mutineers declared that they objected to his presence on board the ship.

SAN FELIU DE GUIXOLS, NEAR BARCELONA, ON THE COSTA BRAVA: This attractive town is recommended as an alternative winter resort to the larger town of Barcelona, which has a climate to satisfy the Englishman's unending quest of sun.

The Sphere of Travel

IN SEARCH OF SUNSHINE

Suggestions for Winter Holidays in Spain, Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Madeira and the Canaries

By GORDON COOPER

EACH year about this time, with my heart full of good intentions, I offer readers some suggestions on where to go for warmth during the often rather grim early winter months in Britain. But, as things have turned out during the past twelve months, I feel rather like a discredited astrologer or weather expert who finds that almost all his forecasts have gone awry. Even those normally sun-drenched districts, the Algarve coast in Southern Portugal and the Andalusian coast of Spain, failed me. Nor were Madeira and the Canaries up to their usual standards. In fact, during a visit to Aberdeenshire and Elgin in February, I found that there was more sunshine there than anywhere else in Europe. In the same way, the North Cape of Norway claims a similar record for the past summer. What, then, is one to make of it? Are those many persons right who believe this alarming change in our normal climate to be caused by the atom bomb? To neither question can I give a satisfactory answer, and I can only proceed now on the assumption that things will be different and better forthwith.

So, hoping for the best, I take you first to Spain, where I would recommend Barcelona, possibly two or three resorts on the Costa Brava, Majorca and Andalusia.

I like Barcelona for various reasons. It is easily and inexpensively reached from London by the regular tourist-fare services of B.E.A. and Iberia Spanish Airlines; its winter climate is sunny and bracing; it has many good hotels to suit all purses, and there is a variety of entertainment—a boon for rainy days; and it is an excellent centre from which to make a number of interesting excursions, to Tarragona, Montserrat, Gerona, Poblet, etc. Should you, however, prefer to stay in some smaller place along the Catalan coast, then there are the resorts of San Feliu de Guixols, S'Agaro and Tossa, on the Costa Brava, while, south of Barcelona, is the lovely city of Tarragona. I would not recommend Sitges, however, for when I visited it last January, in fine weather, too, it was very much the fashionable resort with a rather dreary and dead out-of-season atmosphere.

Palma is the only lively spot in Majorca, and it is intensely interesting, for there you find the relics of many civilisations—Iberian, Phœnician, Greek, Roman, Moorish and Spanish. It is well supplied with hotels, too, whose winter prices are reasonable. There are, however, some delightful spots elsewhere on this island. For those who seek luxurious comfort, the Hotel Formentor, at Formentor, is ideal. The cooking and the wine-cellar are as good as anywhere in Europe; and its setting amidst pine trees and facing south over the lovely circular Bay of Alcudia makes me feel you would not be disappointed there. As to cost: a 14-night stay there, with transportation by air from and back to London, would come to £75, plus "extras," of course; while a 10-night stay, but using rail-steamer transportation, would be about £60.

It might interest some readers, however, if I relate briefly the experiences of a friend who spent a winter holiday at far more modest cost at near-by Puerto de Pollensa, an unsophisticated little resort and port, where the background scenery is outstandingly magnificent. For a month, he and a companion lived in a rented house on an incredibly small outlay.

His first call on arriving in Majorca was on an agency in Palma, but that was no place for him: there were too many wealthy sun-seekers looking for accommodation and, in consequence, the rents asked were high. It was not until he reached Puerto de Pollensa, on the other side of the island, that he got this worthwhile advice: "Ask the postman—he knows which places are available." And the local postman did know, for he took my friend to a ground-floor flat in a new house. It had a sitting-room, three bedrooms, a bathroom with a bath and shower, and a small kitchen with hot and cold water laid on. The rent asked was 800 pesetas (£7) a month—in the summer, however, this price was doubled.

Domestic help was easily obtained, the hourly rate being 6d. for an experienced girl, 5d. for a novice. For 1s. a day the flat was cleaned, the beds made, the laundry done. Food, especially vegetables, was extremely cheap, but tea and coffee were most expensive. (Tip: Take your own supplies with you.) The chief inconveniences were the cooking and heating arrangements. There was no coal, only wood and charcoal, and no gas. Electricity was available intermittently, but there were no electric stoves or fires available; nor was there gas in cylinders. Paraffin, too, was difficult to obtain.

Despite these defects, the two bachelors had a wonderful time at a daily cost of just over 7s. per head, and this sum embraced rent, fuel, food, electricity and the daily maid. This left a handsome sum from the currency allowance to indulge in such pleasant luxuries as sherry at 3d. a large glass in the local inns, and to spend a few days in the charming island of Iviza on the way home.

I have told this story in some detail, for it answers the kind of inquiry which I often receive from correspondents. Arrangements for such a kind of winter holiday can best be made on the spot, not forgetting the practical suggestion concerning the postman.

Elsewhere in Spain the same technique could be used. There is a lovely stretch of coast lying between Alicante and Valencia which I would certainly favour, not least because the climate there is dry and warm. It is also not yet widely known.

In Andalusia, my conventional recommendations would be Seville (Hotel Madrid), the Hotel Atlantico at Cadiz (favoured by many Britons resident at Gibraltar), the Hotel Alhamar at Calahonda, the Hotel El Rodeo at Marbella, and the small Hotel del Caballo Blanca at Carvajal-Fuengirola; these last three places all lie beside the coastal road running between Algeciras and Malaga. At Algeciras there is the well-known Hotel Reina Cristina, also much-frequented by the wives of garrison officers from Gibraltar, and which is set amid orange trees and fine gardens.

Unkind critics have said that in Gibraltar it always feels as though it were Sunday afternoon, while just across the frontier in La Linea it seems to be permanently Saturday night. There is little I need say about the British outpost, except that it makes a good centre for excursions into Spain and across the strait to Morocco. The Rock Hotel is the one and only first-class establishment at which to stay.

Malta, G.C., is in many ways a haven for winter holiday-makers, for, even in December and January, there are hours of brilliant sunshine each day, and the climate is mild and balmy. Then, the visitor will find many opportunities for sporting and social activities, although it is desirable to have introductions to local residents of the Royal Navy. The island, too, is rich in prehistoric remains. Both Cook's and the Malta Travel Agency (24, Golden Square, London, W.1) can advise on suitable hotels.

Further east in the Mediterranean is Cyprus, which has been a going concern since the late Stone Age, say, B.C. 3500, though it never developed so intricate a culture as Crete. In the important museum of Nicosia ten separate "ages" are set forth, from the Neolithic to the Hellenistic and Greco-Roman, this last carrying on from B.C. 250 to 250 A.D.. In the Christian era it ran through the usual gamut of occupations, Roman, Byzantine, Saracen, Lusignan, Turkish, and, lastly, British. Altogether, it can be said that the history of Cyprus is the history of the clash of successive civilisations in the Eastern Mediterranean. And because of this varied past, the visitor will find many things of exciting interest.

Nicosia, the capital, is a convenient centre from which to explore the whole island, while within its circular walls are a number of historic buildings. During the winter months the climate is excellent and there is much sunshine. Hotels are reasonably-priced and comfortable—one recommendation being Catsellis Dome Hotel at Kyrenia. In London there is the Cyprus Travel Bureau (36, Hampstead Road, N.W.1), with offices also in Nicosia, Famagusta and Limassol, to help you in various ways. It is also worth calling your attention to the fact that from Cyprus you are within easy reach by air of Beyrout and Haifa, and Cyprus Airways also have convenient links with Athens and Jerusalem. There are a number of important books dealing with the island, a particularly interesting one which I have recently read with much pleasure being *A Short History of Cyprus*, by Philip Newman (Longmans, Green and Co.).

Turning west again, my last mentions in this article are of Madeira and the Canaries. The former can be reached in comfort by sea, either by Union-Castle weekly service (provided accommodation is available) or by the frequent round trips of the *Venus* (Bergen Line). More speedy is to travel by Aquila flying-boat, which I always regard as being the most comfortable of all forms of flying. This regular service also continues to Las Palmas, enabling you, if you so wish, to spend a week or more in each island.

A PLACE OF INTEREST FOR VISITORS TO CYPRUS: At Famagusta are the ruins of two cathedrals; one is the Greek Cathedral of St. George and the other the Cathedral of St. Nicholas. The latter is now a mosque. This view was taken from the south-east. It can be said that the history of Cyprus is the history of the clash of successive civilisations in the Eastern Mediterranean.

In the past I have often praised the Canaries, and I do so again. There is a number of shipping services which call either at Las Palmas or Tenerife, while in much faster time you can reach these "Isles of Eternal Spring" by Iberia Spanish Airlines. For a stay of a few days I would advise Puerto de la Cruz on Tenerife (Hotel Taoro, 1st class, and Hotel Monopol, 2nd class); the Hotel Lentiscal, just outside Las Palmas on Grand Canary; and for those who seek an escapist rest-cure, there is the comfortable Parador at Arrecife on Lanzarote, reached either by air or island steamer. By island steamer you can also arrive at the most beautiful of all the Canaries, La Palma. Further particulars concerning this group can be obtained from the Spanish Tourist Office, 70, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

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Labour at Scarborough

The Annual Conference of the Labour Party at the Yorkshire Resort, where the Problem of German Rearmament was Under Discussion

THE LEADER OF THE LABOUR PARTY AT A CONFERENCE CHURCH SERVICE : Mr. and Mrs. Clement Attlee with the Bishop of Sheffield, the Rt. Rev. Leslie S. Hunter, outside the vestry door of St. Mary's Parish Church, Scarborough. There a church service was held on the Sunday preceding the opening of the Labour Party's Annual Conference.

Last year both the Labour and the Conservative parties enjoyed a breath of Margate air for their annual rallies. This year both parties have turned north to the most popular sands of Yorkshire and Lancashire, Scarborough and Blackpool. This year's Labour Party Conference, however, took on far greater significance than the Margate meeting. Last year the Conference was taken up with quiet domestic discussions and the less quiet clash of powerful personalities. This year's Conference was dominated by the question of German rearmament. Rearmament has ever been a source of warm discussion within the ranks of the Labour Party, and German rearmament even more so since Mr. Attlee and the bulk of the Parliamentary Labour Party pledged their support to it in the House of Commons this year. The speeches at the Conference reflected many of the doubts and misgivings which are widespread, not only within the Labour Movement in Britain, but also among many thinking people throughout Europe. Besides the critical nature of the debate on German rearmament from the point of view of Western unity, its outcome cannot but have important, and possibly uncomfortable, repercussions within the Labour Party itself. A distressing disunity has been made clear to the world which may affect the bi-partisan nature of Britain's foreign policy, an outstanding success ever since the end of the war. It is a measure of the courage of the Conference that they faced these and other unpleasant consequences by tackling the problem with such honesty and boldness.

Once again, of course, the clash of personalities was one of the bright features of the Conference, and none more so than the rivalry between Mr. Aneurin Bevan and Mr. Hugh Gaitskell. Their contest for the treasurership of the Party was only one phase of the ever-constant attempts of the Bevanites to confirm their already powerful position within the Labour Party's Executive.

MR. HERBERT MORRISON AND FRIEND : The Deputy Leader of the Labour Party found time for a strictly non-controversial chat on the sands at Scarborough. Mr. Morrison is seen discussing the merits of Tom, the donkey, with Miss Anne Crowcroft, from Wakefield.

On left—

A FRESH BREEZE : Mr. Aneurin Bevan and his wife, Miss Jennie Lee, arriving for the Conference in stormy weather. Mr. Bevan and Mr. Hugh Gaitskell were rivals for the treasurership of the Labour Party, which had become vacant as the result of the death of Mr. Arthur Greenwood.

DELEGATES WHO KEEP ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE EXECUTIVE : A quick discussion is held outside their hotel by four prominent members of the Labour Party. They are, from left, Dr. Edith Summerskill, who was elected Chairman of the Party for the coming year ; Mr. Morgan Phillips, General Secretary ; Miss Alice Bacon, last year's Chairman ; and Mr. Percy Knight, of the Seamen's Union.

DELEGATES WITH A LINE OF THEIR OWN : Mr. Aneurin Bevan and his most powerful supporters forgather on the front at Scarborough. From left are Mr. Harold Wilson, Miss Jennie Lee, Mr. R. H. S. Crossman, Miss Barbara Castle, Mr. Geoffrey Bing and Mr. Aneurin Bevan. All these Bevanites, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Bevan, were re-elected to the National Executive Committee of the Labour Party.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

POLITICAL PREOCCUPATION

Europe the Cynosure of World Politics; General Mark Clark in Korea; The "Esquire" Compendium; Novels and Two Collections of Short Stories

NOW that all Europe is concerned with the re-organisation of alliances and defences, it is interesting, to put the matter at its most restrained, to cast an eye back on some of the aspects of the last gigantic upheaval, and three of this week's books have a bearing on this. First, Mr. T. D. G. Teare's EVADER (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), the story of the author's experiences in occupied France for the twelve months after he had baled out of his burning bomber till the liberation, which meant home and hospital for him, and also a lifelong debt of gratitude to the French men and women who had risked death and torture to protect him and his fellows. The book is moving, as all such records of endurance and courage must be, and I should like to assure Mr. Teare that it is successful in its prime objective, which is quite evidently to render tribute to a succession of people who were, in the truest sense of the word, allies.

Herr Fritz Hesse was, from 1935 to 1939, Press Attaché and representative of the German News Bureau in London. From 1939 he was *rapporteur* and adviser on British affairs at Hitler's headquarters. He was active in the events that led up to the Munich meeting, in the "peace feelers" that were extended during the war, and in the negotiations for surrender at the end of the war. His book, HITLER AND THE ENGLISH (Wingate. 18s.), can therefore be described as an informed opinion on the German leader's attitude towards our country, which was more complex than has been commonly supposed. Hitler's policy towards Great Britain, which he regarded as a member of the Germanic race, was subject to extraordinary changes and contradictions; he was baffled by the British attitude, and, claims the author, felt for the British a kind of "love-hatred" as epitomised in his feeling for Churchill, whom he both hated and admired. An odd, provocative book, which has been admirably translated from the German by F. A. Voigt.

FROM THE DANUBE TO THE YALU (Harrap. 21s.) is General Mark Clark's own record of a seven-years fight against Communism, from 1945 to 1952, waged equally at conference tables and on battlefields. In an earlier book the General, who is now retired, had written: "Having seen the Red Army and Russian diplomacy in action, my own belief is that there is nothing the Soviet would not do to achieve world domination. But I am convinced also that they respect force; perhaps they respect nothing in the world except force." Now he adds that if he were to re-write that sentence to-day he would strike out the word "perhaps." This is, throughout, a soldier's rather than a politician's book, and to be considered as such in its grasp of all military matters and in its forthrightness, and in its strongly nationalist feeling. It is likely to start any number of arguments in America and in Korea, and possibly, too, in this country, but there is not likely to be a dissentient voice on the subject of the author's own single-mindedness.

Mr. Arnold Gingrich has done an adroit job of editing THE ESQUIRE TREASURY (Heinemann. 16s.), a fat, sleek volume which is said to contain the best of twenty years of *Esquire* fact, fiction and laughter, and includes seventy-three stories and articles and fifty-seven drawings, cartoons and photographs. *Esquire* itself, as you will know, is an American magazine which is both decorative and robust, and among its contributors it has numbered such distinguished names as Erskine Caldwell, the late F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway, Aldous Huxley, André Maurois and William Saroyan. The present collection is a rich miscellany, treating of many things from torture to football, and from Hollywood plotting to Tokyo fiddling. The illustrations are highly effective and, like much of the text, often very funny.

Mr. Frank Stuart has written what he calls an adventure story, which reads as easily as a novel, and which is an account of three years in the life of a harp seal. A SEAL'S WORLD (Harrap. 12s. 6d.) is a book on its own, belonging to no category, but balancing comfortably somewhere between natural history (which in this case is authentic and authoritative, however modest the author may be about it), and an absorbing example of story-telling. The Arctic seal of the tale is only two weeks old at the beginning and, quite literally, an orphan of the storm. At the end the Wanderer, as Mr. Stuart names her, has travelled 10,000 miles, is healthy, strong and handsome, and about to settle with a suitable mate.

I have seldom known more variety than there is among the current novels. The choice is immense and, on the whole, the standard is pretty high. Here are some suggestions to help you with your reading lists.

THE HUNTER AND THE BULL-FIGHTER: Miguel Luis Dominguin, a retired bull-fighter from Spain, wields an African hunting spear in the presence of his host, the novelist Ernest Hemingway, at the latter's home outside Havana. Dominguin, whose right leg bears scars incurred during a bull-fight in Venezuela, was in Cuba to go fishing with Hemingway. Although recovering from his recent double aeroplane mishap in Africa, Hemingway is believed to be planning another safari next year, which will be filmed.

CÆSAR'S HONOUR (Hart-Davis. 12s. 6d.) is an intelligent and perceptive novel about a group of people living, most of them temporarily, on an island in the Eastern Mediteranean immediately after the war. The English governor, his wife, his staff, some of the islanders are shown in flashes of quick analysis as their lives fit in or chafe against each other's, and Janet Hepburn has used scarcely a word too many in telling this story of rising tensions and private loves.

The next two novels are both about love in the country, though it is the background itself that has most of the emphasis in Mr. J. C. Badcock's rural idyll, WAYBENT (Hutchinson. 8s. 6d.), a brief and charming tale of the first love of a slow but sensitive boy for a gipsy girl. THE UNRELENTING DAY (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.), by Stella Morton, treats the subject of middle-aged love with a fine seriousness and compassion, and proves once again that she is a writer of real integrity, as well as accomplishment, who is not afraid of posing a major problem in her books, or of attempting a solution in a way that is far more human than Olympian.

In a characteristic foreword to DON CAMILLO'S DILEMMA (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.), the author writes that people say of him that he grows more absurd every year, "which isn't true," he explains, "because I was absurd from the very beginning. Thanks be to God." Giovanni Guareschi's new story of the big priest and the big Red mayor of a village in the Po River valley is quite as good as its predecessors, and more than that it is unnecessary to say. Because the earlier books have been brilliantly filmed, I am inclined to see the inimitably expressive, ugly, long face of Fernandel beneath the priest's biretta, but that, I can assure you, is no drawback, and I enjoyed these fresh exploits of Don Camillo and his friend-enemy Peppone as much as ever.

Mr. George Lamming, in THE EMIGRANTS (Michael Joseph. 15s.), writes again of his fellow West Indians, this time of a section of them who have seen England as the irresistible magnet to them in their Barbadian poverty, and have made their way to London in a blind hope that they will find the opportunities, "the breaks," and the freedom that their own island has not given them. Mr. Lamming himself is of mixed African and English parentage. He is also on his way to becoming one of the most significant young writers in the English-speaking countries, and his new book has a quality that is clearly poetic.

MINE BOY (Faber. 10s. 6d.) is a reprint of a 1946 novel by Mr. Peter Abrahams, a South African Negro writer, about the impact of a city, with its new customs and values, on a boy coming to it from the pastoral, tribal past. It is simple, dramatic and moving.

Two volumes of short stories that I have read lately have in common an urbanity, a grace and, above all, a sense of high civilisation that make the fact that one author is an American and one an Englishman totally irrelevant. The idioms that each use are personal to them, not to their nationalities, and although nobody could confuse their writing, they are both linked by the possession of that elusive quality style. Mr. Louis Auchincloss, in THE ROMANTIC EGOISTS (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.), has created episodes in the lives of a central character's eight friends, and has called them "a reflection in eight mirrors"; an ingenious device by which his young man recognises in others traits he knows in himself, but could no necessarily stand living with for any length of time A brilliant piece of work, readable and immensely acute

Mr. L. P. Hartley's collection of fourteen shor stories, some of them almost *too* short, express th stuff of varying moods and do it with great elegance I preferred the title story of THE WHITE WAND (Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.) to most of the others, and liked "Up the Garden Path" least, but all of them have the writer's own imprint of originality

FIRES AT FAIRLAWN (Methuen. 11s. 6d.) is this week's thriller, in which Josephine Bell has had the diverting idea of playing out a murder mystery against a background of the brisk and practical activities of a builder and his men at work on the conversion of an old house into flats. I found myself enjoying the details of these changes almost as much as the elucidation of why those old ladies died.

This week there are two new additions to well-known series of books published by Robert Hale at 18s. each. *The one is* THAMES ESTUARY (The Regional Books), *by William Addison, which tells the story of the sixty miles of waterway between London Bridge and the Nore; and the other is* NORTHAMPTONSHIRE (The County Books), *by Tony Ireson. Both books are profusely illustrated. The General Editor of both series is Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald.*

PORTUGAL AND MADEIRA (Batsford. 18s.) *is a new and well-illustrated guide-book by Sacheverell Sitwell. After a description of the island of Madeira, the author discusses aspects of Portugal which are little known in English-speaking countries.*

BATTLING FOR A TITLE (Stanley Paul. 12s. 6d.) *is described as a Kaleidoscope of Boxing by Freddie Mills. In addition to reminiscences of the author's own career, there are accounts of other prominent participants in the "fight game."*

EL GRECO

A New, Critical Study of the Painter

Most of the great art galleries of the world contain canvases by Domenico Theotocopuli, vast paintings that as often as not adorn the end walls of rooms devoted to sixteenth-century art, striking the beholder by their intense elongation, their acrid colouring and their mystic quality. Domenico Theotocopuli was a native of Crete, and in Toledo, where he lived for nearly forty years, they called him El Greco, and there, late in life, fame came to him. Titian, Cardinal Farnese, Philip II of Spain, Lope de Vega and Cervantes were his contemporaries, and each in some way had a decisive influence upon his career. This was Spain's golden age, and El Greco adorned it with work that was without precedent and was to remain without a successor. After his death in 1614, El Greco was swiftly forgotten, but, having been neglected for three centuries, he was re-discovered by the Post Impressionists and acclaimed by Cézanne and his followers. The painter forms the subject of many monographs and critical analyses, and the standard work by Cossio was published in 1908. Calvert and Hartley (1909), J. F. Willumsen in the '20's, and two other writers in the '30's have also written about him, and now comes along Antonina Vallentin with EL GRECO (Museum Press. 30s.), a critical biographical study which is both well written and compiled with a very necessarily watchful eye on historical accuracy. The author has attempted to clear the ground of some of the fantasy and falsehood that have grown up round the name of El Greco, and she is, above all, at pains to show the artist against the rich background of the age in which he lived. It is a most worthy effort, and has the distinction of being a Book Society recommendation.

Rupert Furneaux reopens the subject of The Man in the Iron Mask. He indulges in some most knowledgeable speculations and weighs the known facts with skill in his new book THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK (Cassell. 15s.). By a process of elimination the author cites Eustache Dauger de Cavoye as the man in question, but the mystery regarding why he was imprisoned and masked still remains.

If General Wainwright was clearly American hero No. 1 in America's Pacific War, for the soldier of Bataan won instant and world-wide acclaim for his great resistance, the same can be said of General William F. Dean in the Korean War. This man, who commanded the 24th Division at the start of the campaign, who conducted retreat after retreat as the Communists pushed the Americans steadily down the peninsula towards Pusan and the sea, symbolised the spirit of resistance at a dark hour. Eventually he lost contact with his troops when he went tank-hunting with a small party in the final hours of the Battle of Taejon. Now the General tells the tale of his experiences, which he has written with the aid of William F. Worden. GENERAL DEAN'S STORY (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 18s.) sketches briefly the incidents that led up to the day when he was reported missing. We then follow the General on his travels, watch his unflagging efforts to rejoin his men, living for days often without food of any sort in the hill country of South Korea. Finally, he was betrayed for a mere pittance by a South Korean, and the rest of this remarkable narrative recounts modestly and strictly factually experiences in Communist hands. Anything to weaken morale was the battle-cry of General Dean's captors. It was to be expected from his bitter experiences that General Dean would produce a remarkable story; and here, indeed, it is.

Another remarkable book of wartime reminiscences comes from the pen of Malcolm Munthe, a major who rose from the ranks and served the Allied cause, both on the battlefronts of Europe and Africa and also within the enemies' gates. Major Munthe calls his book SWEET IS WAR (Duckworth. 15s.), but makes haste to explain that he is quoting Erasmus, and his publishers, indeed, finish the quotation on the dust jacket—"*Sweet is war to them that know it not.*" Major Munthe writes easily and well, and perhaps this is not surprising, for his father was the great Axel Munthe who gave the world *The Story of San Michele.*

Joseph Scholmer was arrested in 1949 while working as a doctor for the East German Government. He was charged with espionage and sent to Vorkuta, the Soviet slave camp within the Arctic Circle. In March 1954 Dr. Scholmer was unexpectedly released, and he has brought back to civilisation an eye-witness account of what he saw and heard in that half-world which was peopled by an international community ranging from former S.S. men and their Jewish victims to loyal Stalinists only lately sentenced. In VORKUTA (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 15s.) the author urges the view that the Soviet regime is far less stable than is commonly supposed.

GHOST CRUISER HK33 (William Kimber. 15s.) is the story of the German auxiliary cruiser *Pinguin*, which put up some semi-piratical, and wholly mysterious, performances in the Pacific and the Indian Ocean in the Second World War. H. J. Brennecke, a German naval correspondent, has pieced together the story with the help of some of *H.K.* 33's survivors.

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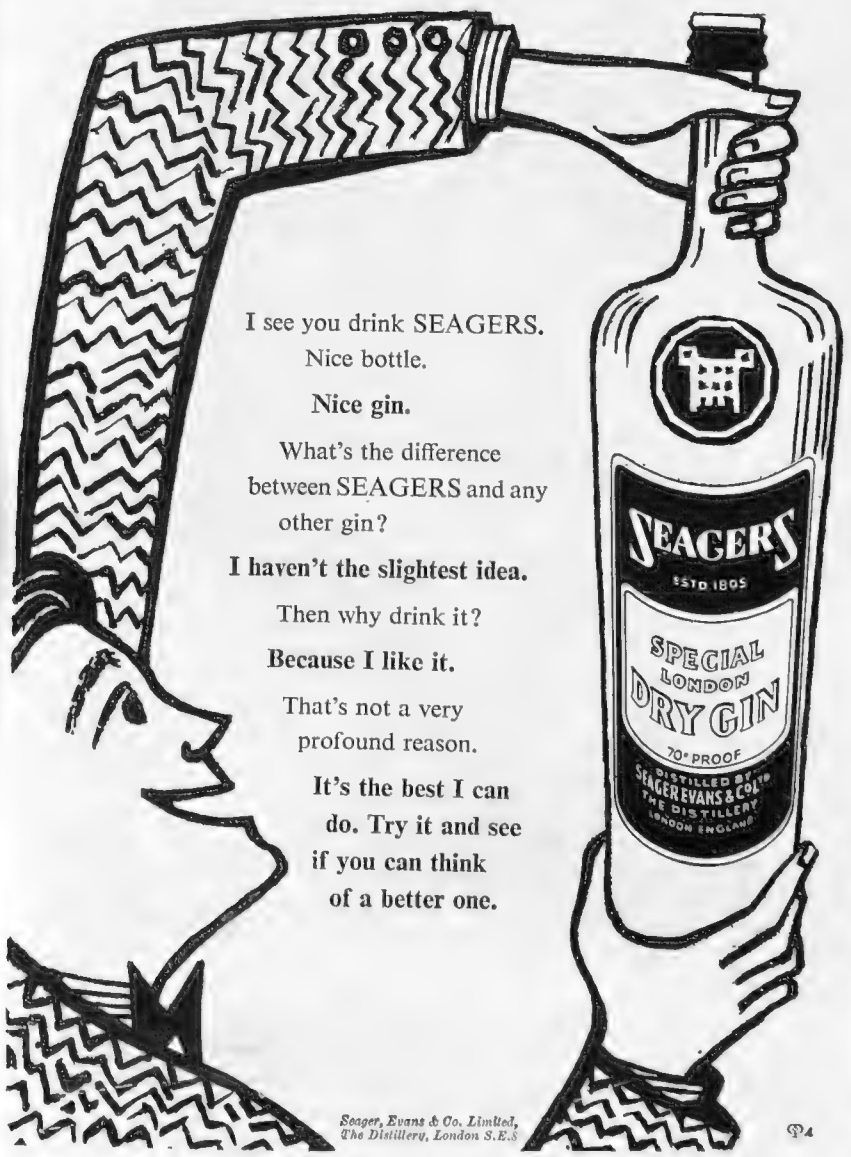

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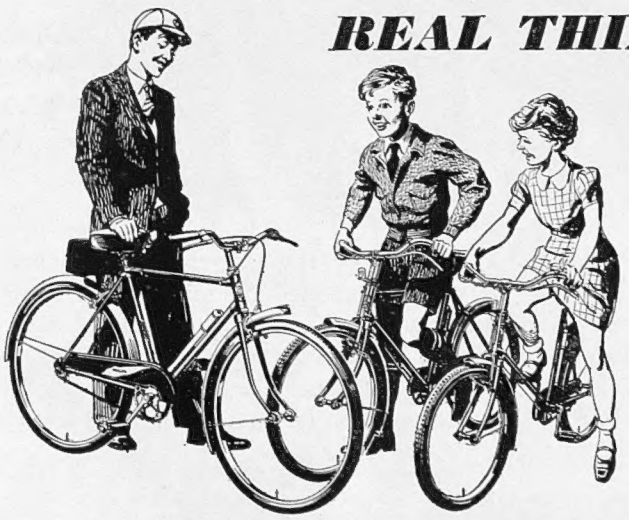

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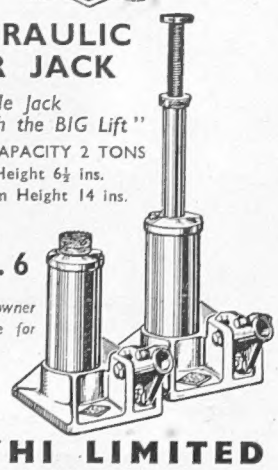

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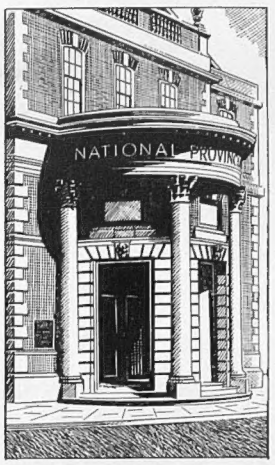

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AUTUMN HOLIDAYS

HEAVEN forbid that I should take on the role of weather prophet, but if my memory serves me right, October has been a fine month of recent years, and following a wet summer it is reasonable to suppose that by October, if not earlier, Pluvius will have rained himself out.

October has, at any rate, become a recognised holiday month, and as my hairdresser pointed out to me it is not only a good holiday month for weather, but hotel prices are lower, and with plenty of choice one need not book up one's hotel before the eleventh hour.

I cannot altogether agree with him about the last point, because the pick of the bedrooms—like the best seats in the theatre—are mostly booked well ahead.

Farmers often take their annual holiday in October and on the whole, for the sake of contrast, they prefer the seaside to the country. Carlyon Bay Hotel, St. Austell, Cornwall . . . The Beresford, Birchington-on-Sea, Kent, and The Grand at Torquay are hotels that appeal to them, as there is a definite liveliness at each.

You will find that a large percentage of the dental and medical profession holiday in October also, and for the most part prefer the small friendly type of country hotel, where they can get into old clothes, play golf or just relax.

What a change from the surgery is the wild scenic charm of Exmoor. Quickly my mind turns to Woodcote Hotel, Dulverton, or Tarr Steps Hotel, a few miles down the Barle Valley. In the centre of Exmoor, too, is The Crown at Exford, and a few miles beyond, The Dunkery Beacon Hotel at Wootton Courtenay. Then for those who have thoughts of a combination of Exmoor and sea, I suggest Northfield Hotel, set in lovely grounds, at Minehead.

Perhaps the biggest percentage of holiday-makers in October, however, are hoteliers themselves. They seek somewhere as small as possible, where staff problems never figure in the picture. For them I recommend Pendower House, on the shore of Veryan Bay, South Cornwall. The postal address is Ruan High Lanes, near Truro. Run by Colonel Henry Hunloke and his wife, it is the tired man's dream.

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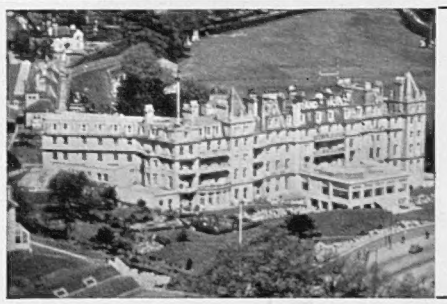

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